

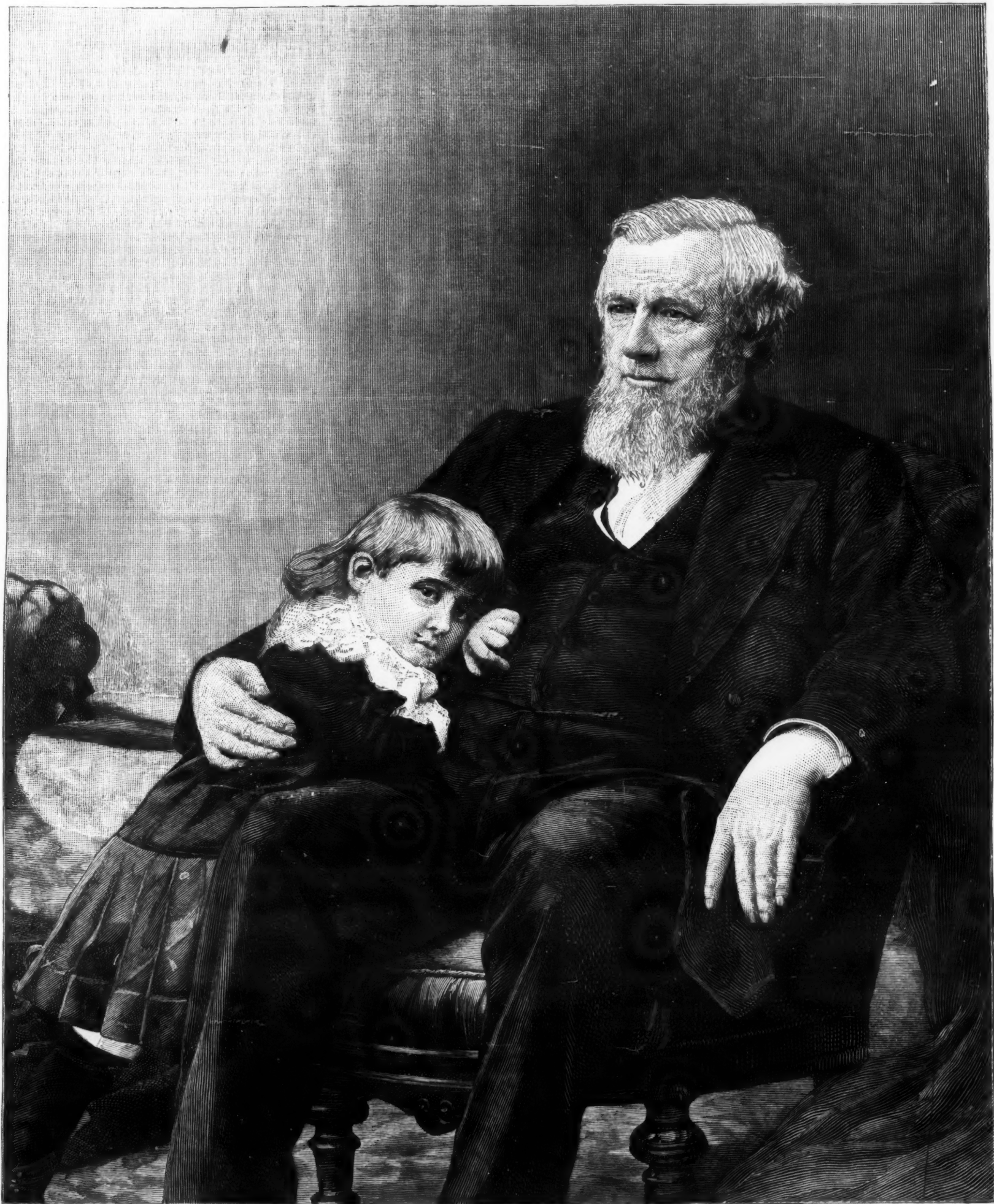
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OHIO.—HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, AND HIS GRANDSON.
FROM A PHOTO, BY ELLIOTT.—SEE PAGE 270.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1888.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S RENOMINATION.

FOUR years ago, in speaking of Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the Presidency, we said:

"Mr. Cleveland is not a great man; he has illustrated few of the qualities of high statesmanship; but he is pure, clean and fairly capable, and has, so far as appears, no entanglements which would, in the event of his nomination, impair his independence or pervert his judgment. His instincts are conservative; and while as President he would have much to learn, his sound sense and cautious habit would furnish a safeguard against the serious mistakes which, in the absence of these qualities, might result from ignorance of administrative methods."

That was the estimate which all fair-minded men placed upon Mr. Cleveland four years ago. In some respects the estimate was a mistaken one. Mr. Cleveland has not justified the expectation that he would keep clear of vicious entanglements. He has not justified the expectation that a cautious habit and sound sense would compensate for possible mistakes resulting from ignorance or imperfect knowledge. He has not shown himself to be always clean in method or obedient to the highest motives in action. As to some questions of importance, he is as crude and immature as he was four years ago. As to others, he has exhibited an imperious obstinacy of purpose wholly inconsistent with a just appreciation of the sovereignty of popular opinion. Undoubtedly he imagined himself at the first to be controlled by a purpose to perform his duty with reference to the highest standards, and for a time really conformed thereto; but the purpose was without root, and it perished. His unanimous renomination with the full concurrence of that element in his party which gave him, four years ago, a reluctant support because of his supposed superiority to ordinary political vices, is both an evidence of his declension from the ideal standard and a conclusive proof that the popular estimate of his character was erroneous.

In a party sense he has fairly earned the renomination so unanimously bestowed. His Administration has been acutely partisan. Proclaiming his purpose to lift the public service out of politics and to administer the functions of his office on plain business principles, he has encouraged bossism, acquiesced in the "pernicious activity" of office-holders, and undertaken to set up a personal government as to matters of supreme national concern. So complete has been his betrayal of the principle of Civil-service Reform, that even his Mugwump admirers, who supported him because of his pretended devotion to that principle, and in the belief that he was stronger than his party, are compelled to acknowledge his capitulation to its enemies. It was inevitable that partisan services so conspicuous and valuable should be recognized by the party in whose interest they were rendered.

Will the people ratify the action of the St. Louis Convention? That will depend mainly upon the action of the Republicans at Chicago. If they shall nominate a Presidential candidate of acknowledged ability, of conspicuous personal purity, of admitted equipment for the duties of the Executive office, without entanglements of any sort, and shall place that candidate upon an honest, outspoken platform dealing broadly and clearly with present issues, and pledging the party especially to a sound economic policy, and shall prosecute the canvass upon these lines, the party meanwhile showing its sincerity by actual performance in Congress, Mr. Cleveland may be beaten. But if the Republicans shall juggle with questions like the tariff, and the saloon evil, and the civil service, and shall fail to recognize the growing demand for the highest capacity and unassailable personal integrity in the incumbent of the Executive office—if the party shall do nothing by the votes of its representatives in Congress to justify confidence in its statesmanship and its sincerity as to public questions—then Cleveland may be re-elected. He has, of course, in any event, some obvious advantages, but in a clearly defined canvass his mistakes will tell largely against him, and the country is so nearly balanced politically, that any result is possible. Happily we can all afford to await the final adjustment of the conditions of the canvass as a basis for more accurate estimate as to the probable outcome.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

IN the nomination of Mr. Thurman for the Vice-presidency the Democracy of the nation have paid a tardy tribute to the noblest living representative of that type of Democratic statesmanship which once made the party invincible. Mr. Thurman has no equal, in point of ability, experience and absolute purity of character, among the men who for four years have controlled the party policy. Conscientious and incorruptible, a man of convictions and practical familiarity with the science of government and all the questions of the time, he will undoubtedly strengthen the ticket of which, in the fitness of things, he should be the head. His advanced age, now seventy-five, is possibly an objection to his candidacy, but no public interest would suffer if, in the event of elec-

tion, he should not live out his term. Under the new Presidential succession law, ample provision is made for the contingency of vacancies in either the Presidential or Vice-presidential office, as well as for the inability of both President and Vice-president. In such an emergency the succession would fall to the members of the Cabinet in the order of their importance, and there is no conceivable situation in which the stability of the Government would be endangered.

Mr. Thurman's nomination will no doubt have its effect upon Ohio politics, and may possibly strengthen the candidacy of Mr. Sherman before the Republican Convention, and compel a readjustment of the plans in which Indiana, Connecticut and New Jersey have been counted as the only doubtful States.

AN ECONOMIC DANGER.

IN these days of altruistic enthusiasm there is a most urgent need of a more general scientific study of economic laws. Nearly all good men and women have zeal in the service of society, but all, unfortunately, have not knowledge; and many charitable enterprises are, in consequence, little better than blunders, and, very often, blunders which simply perpetuate the very evils they were meant to alleviate. What philanthropists most want is, like Rosa Dartle, "to know"; and the first duty of one who would attempt to benefit any class of his fellow-beings is to study their condition, both from the point of view of history and of economic science.

For instance, if the promoters of the Working-girls' Society, just now organized in Boston for the purpose of providing homes for working-girls whose wages are inadequate to their support, had carefully studied such a book as Professor Thorold Rogers's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," they would have seen at once not only the futility, but the economic danger, of such a charity. The history of the poor-laws of England is a record of the continual and inevitable lowering of wages through the action of public charity, until, from an abundant, if rude, prosperity, the English agricultural laborer of the fourteenth century became the semi-pauper of the eighteenth—a perpetual pensioner upon parish bounty, a standing opportunity for the development of the Christian graces of the rich. It is these poor-laws, and their natural results, which have so confused the relations of rich and poor, of labor and capital, of the laboring class and the State, that what might have been a simple problem has become indefinitely complex. Many of its factors are yet to be cleared of the tangle in which they are almost inextricably involved; but this one point has long been quite clear to students, and no amateur in philanthropy ought to be in ignorance of the fact—that systematically to supplement wages from any source whatever is to lessen wages, and that the last injustice, both to the wage-earner and to society, is to make it possible for the employer to screw down wages below the living point. All charities which do this, by furnishing anything at less than the market price, whether homes, or food, or clothing, or any other necessary, are essentially vicious, however noble their motive.

The "iron law of wages" is that they can never rise above the point necessary to maintain life and keep up the average of population; and it is inexorable enough—neither economic nor philanthropic science has yet found a way to evade it. But in justice to that vast army of unskilled wage-earners whose faces are now ground to the last degree of attenuation, let philanthropy be careful to avoid co-operating with that law. In seeking to ameliorate the condition of any class, especially of a class so helpless, and whose condition so urgently needs amelioration as that of unskilled girl wage-earners, let it beware that with cruel kindness it does not wrong the entire class while extending aid to a few.

POLITICS AND RUM.

THE reputation earned by Judge Barrett as a fearless guardian of the law will be enhanced by the plain language of his recent charge to the Grand Jury of New York. It has long been known to most intelligent citizens that certain classes of criminals in New York usually escape punishment. These Judge Barrett divides into three classes: violators of the excise laws, of the election laws, and violators of the bribery laws. It has been proved that elections in certain districts have been practically controlled by disreputable leaders and their gangs, by the use of money, or in some cases by intimidation. The purchase of votes has been specifically shown, yet on account of political "pulls" the guilty persons have escaped punishment. The untouched excise cases have been a notorious evil for years. No less than 5,000 indictments for violations of the excise laws are slumbering in the pigeon-holes of the District Attorney's office. When Colonel Fellows was elected he made many promises as to the speedy disposition of these cases. Nothing of any consequence has been done, and the reason is obvious. Every saloon is in a greater or less degree a centre of political influence. The saloon-keeper can control votes, and an indictment kept hanging over the saloon-keeper's head is a very simple method of securing his political assistance. Judge Barrett says:

"It seems to be a very disgraceful state of things that there should be 5,000 presentations of violations of a particular law not attended to. It warrants the conclusion that there is either a

deliberate and open defiance of the law by those engaged in one business, or that there is a most decided and inexcusable inefficiency on the part of the officers of the law. . . . We have too much superficial work, too little real sincerity. We have occasional raids made, resulting in nothing but the accumulation of charges. We find policemen who on a given day are able to get evidence resulting in arrests, but whose memories are absolutely blank before petit juries, and the whole matter seems to be a farce. These spasmodic raids do no good. We should have brains and intelligence in the work. We should have a few large proprietors brought up and put into the penitentiary."

It is refreshing to hear language like this after the dilly-dallying, excuse-making and inefficiency which have attended official dealings with the liquor power in New York. Nowhere in the country is the rumshop so powerful a political factor as in New York; and it is because of its power in politics that rum-sellers are allowed to violate with impunity even the moderate law which requires them to stop selling liquor for a few hours after midnight and on Sunday. It is well that Judge Barrett has brought this disgrace again to the notice of the public. It is well to narrow the issues and to make it clear that the question is whether the rum power is stronger than the power of law and order.

THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF PLATFORM.

THE tariff plank of the National Democratic Platform exhibits the same disposition to "straddle" the tariff question that the leaders of the Democratic party have exhibited for a hundred years. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Kentucky Resolutions of '98—the seeds from which secession grew—can be quoted on both sides of the tariff question. John C. Calhoun, his disciple, made long speeches in favor of the protective tariff of 1816, and afterwards as eloquently advocated the theory of free trade. Andrew Jackson, whose consistent love for the Union made him regret until the day of his death that he had not hung the great South Carolina nullifier, expresses every shade of opinion in his messages on tariff taxation. James Buchanan was found oftener on the side of protection than on the side of free trade, although he espoused both sides with equal zest. The Democratic resolution of 1880 in favor of a tariff "for revenue only" was a frank but preposterous proposition, because in the nature of things no such tariff ever did or could exist, as all duties directly or indirectly protect. The tariff resolution of the National Democratic Convention of 1884 was a string of meaningless evasions which could be construed to mean anything or nothing as the "claims of locality" might require. But the tariff issue was ignored by the Presidential candidate and all his Democratic speakers in the manufacturing States, so that, to all Republican accusations, the Democrats refused to plead. By "standing mute" the party escaped being adjudged either guilty or not guilty of free-trade aims.

It is this evasive platform of 1884 that the Democracy at St. Louis have just reaffirmed, with an additional declaration that President Cleveland's late tariff message to Congress is a correct interpretation of the ambiguous resolution which the Democratic leaders declined to interpret at all four years ago. Without the possibility of further evasion, therefore, the whole of the President's remarkable message is made the Democratic platform for the canvass of 1888. The party, hence, as such, must successfully defend and justify all the theories and doctrines of this tariff message, or go down before an adverse public opinion. It is perhaps needless to say that this contract to justify is one of no small magnitude.

The first thought that strikes the non-partisan mind in reading Mr. Cleveland's message is its boldness and directness, in contrast with the timidity and indirectness of the platform which it is said to interpret. It is, from its first sentence to its last, an ingenious and rather forcible argument against the whole doctrine of protective tariffs as understood by Hamilton, Clay, Lincoln and Greeley. The idea of protection, which the fathers of the Republic in express terms acknowledged in their first and second Tariff Acts, seems to Mr. Cleveland particularly obnoxious. Although protection is an unavoidable, non-escapable result or consequence of all tariff taxation, the President appears to regard it as some hobgoblin or spectre to be for ever shunned. Instead of comprehending, as every intelligent public man should, that a duty of twenty per centum, *ad valorem*, protects just to the extent of that duty, no matter for what purpose the duty may be levied, the President's logic lands him on the "revenue only" plank, which contains a contradiction in terms. Instead of defending the American system with Henry Clay, he appears to know no home system or home industries, and looks with apparently equal favor upon the British system or the Austrian system. The President's reasoning against protection as a policy differs from that of Professor Berry, Professor Sumner, and other free-trade writers, only in this, that he condenses their arguments into a smaller compass and assumes a tone of greater moderation. So deep-seated is his dislike of the principle of protection, that his proposition to remove the duties from raw materials, which can only be defended on the ground that American manufacturers would thereby be benefited, is made to rest on a totally different basis. To place American manufacturers on an equality with those of England, France and Germany does not awaken the President's interest. To give them an advantage over all foreign manufacturers, through protecting duties on manufactured fabrics, seems to his mind abhorrent. We shall see in due time whether the country agrees with him in this indifference to its great industrial interests.

BOULANGER'S ATTACK.

THE general opinion of the foreign Press is that Boulanger's first serious move in the Chamber of Deputies was a defeat for himself. His assault on parliamentarism showed only that he was no parliamentarian; and yet he had accepted a seat in Parliament as the representative of his constituents. The position was a false one from the beginning, and it is impossible for liberal observers not to feel a certain satisfaction at his overthrow. The Republic is positively stronger than it was a month ago, and its accession of strength is the result of Boulanger's ill-timed and ill-conducted onslaught. Floquet, who repelled the enemy, did his work well, with directness and vigor, and also with an illogical coarseness which told very effectively against the would-be dictator, though it would have failed if tried on a greater man. To say that Napoleon died in his fifty-second year, while Boulanger, already fifty-two years old, had done nothing, was excellent personality but pitiful reasoning. It would have been as much to the purpose to say that Alexander the Great had a wry neck, while Boulanger could not even speak Greek. Napoleon did not make his Italian campaign because he was twenty-seven years old, but because he was a genius. Boulanger is probably not a genius, but his attack on parliamentarism failed because the Government was stronger and

more firmly seated than men believed it was; and the assailant is certainly not the master of the situation. It is none the less true that the general uncertainty of European politics supports the strength and the popularity of Boulanger. The war-cloud is always on the horizon, and there is no doubt of the work Boulanger has done to prepare France for the tempest. The conviction of this fact makes him the strongest man in the country, in spite of his fifty-two years. Nothing can dispose of him but incompetence in the conduct of a war, and there is but one way of proving that.

THE MURDERER AS A PREACHER.

THE community is frequently shocked by the declarations of criminals on the scaffold about to be executed. Recently a murderer in Minnesota astounded the witnesses by remarking: "I am about to die, but I expect to take tea with Lord Jesus." Another murderer remarked, as he was about to drop into eternity: "I forgive everybody, and I hope everybody forgives me." A colored boy in his teens declared that he was riding from the scaffold into heaven. Public executions are indecent enough, but such declarations lack every element of fitness. Such confessions are usually, like those cited, distinguished for boastfulness. Instead of the criminal regarding the occasion as one of silence or of shame, he makes it the opportunity for a declaration of his righteousness. He is inclined to contrast the hardness of man, which demands his death, with the forgiveness of God, into whose welcoming arms he is about to go.

Among the chief objections to such exhibitions is the fact that the man about to die seems to lack sincerity. He appears as the publican, but he is really a Pharisee, sounding a trumpet before him, and is inclined to thank God that he is not as other men are, sinners unrepentant. He is not inclined to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," but he is inclined to address the people with the assurance that God is merciful to him. All such behavior savors of insincerity. Along this same line it is to be said, by way of objection, that the gospel does not allow such assurances of salvation. For men are saved, if saved at all, on their manward side, by their character, and the character of the murderer is not such as to allow of a salvation so complete as that of many whose hands are not crimsoned with human blood.

It is also to be added that the ministry owes a special duty to itself in such instances. The ministry wrongs itself and wrongs the public by lending the weight of its influence to such ante-mortem proceedings. Clergymen who allow themselves to be reported in the newspapers as declaring that they believe the murderer A. B. to be a Christian man, and is to be saved, not only lack in taste, but also lack in calm, intellectual judgment. Let the minister serve the murderer about to be executed as he would serve any man who may make a demand upon his services. Let the minister be faithful to his parishioner, no matter how black his character may be. But let him not make any public declarations as to his belief in the salvation of the man himself.

The method in England of treating those who are condemned to death is much better than our method. From the hour of his sentence the murderer is, to the public view, dead. He has every opportunity given him in preparation for death; but he is treated as he ought to be treated, as one who has by his crime put himself outside the pale of society; and yet as one who has a soul, and to whose soul the Church, of whatever order, should minister according to its ability.

SOME BENIGHTED AMERICANS.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, who is generally supposed to be an intelligent person, is traveling in California, where she has given lectures at San Francisco, Oakland, and, it may be, at other places. She writes of the people, and her words have found their way into print, to this effect:

"I was received with great hospitality and kind attention. The quality of the audiences appeared to me to be very good. I felt the intellectual level higher than I had dared to hope."

There is something pathetic in this ingenuous confession of an astounding ignorance. Mrs. Howe has spent her life in America, and her name is associated in the public mind with what are called the advanced theories of progress and culture. She has probably talked and written more than most widely known American women on the true American ideas of education and enlightenment; and it might have been supposed that she would have a generally fair comprehension of the intellectual and social atmosphere in an American city with a population of 300,000. So far from it, she displays in the extract given a condition of mind almost as hopeless as that of the dullest English tourist; and it must be added that she is a type of a large class. There are many in the Eastern States who think of the people on the Pacific Slope as so many wild men—Indians in all but the skin. To find that Californians and Oregonians had conceptions of literature and science and art, and had heard of philosophy, has affected Mrs. Howe like a moral earthquake; and it is to be hoped that the shock will do her good. She has, meanwhile, no reason to be proud of having lived for these many years in the Little Peddington which she has fondly taken for the world; and when she, or any one of the so-called eminent writers of the day, sets out to patronize a whole community, it is a duty to speak plain English.

Mrs. Howe can find in San Francisco, or in Oakland, thousands of persons quite her equals in love of culture and in refinement, and very much her superiors in intellectual height; and what is true of the Californian cities is relatively true of other American cities. How should it be otherwise? Is there any part of the country so inaccessible that ideas and books and travelers and works of art cannot reach it? The people of California have family ties and business relations with the inhabitants of every country in the civilized world. Strangers visit California and Californians travel abroad; and they are familiar with several things which Mrs. Howe has yet to learn.

What her notion of an intellectual level may be she does not say, but it is probably, both for height and breadth, something like the little inclosed chamber at the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, with a window a foot square through which to peer at the universe.

CRIME NOT A NERVOUS DISEASE.

THIS is supposed to be essentially a practical age, but it has produced an apparently increasing class of sentimentalists who are disposed to regard criminals as the unfortunate victims of uncontrollable tendencies rather than as actual evil-doers. The multiplication of "expert" alienists, and the minute analyses of all mental phenomena, have had something to do with this tendency to find excuses for the criminal. He has come to be regarded by some excellent people as an unsound person with a special neurosis, to borrow a technical term, and we hear it argued that distinct evidence of this morbid criminal tendency can be discovered in the conformation of the head and face and in the defective structure of

the brain. Now, it is evident that this theory involves a danger to society. If all criminals are "of defective or diseased mental organizations, it must be acknowledged that few persons are well informed or sound mentally. Every Christian who prays to be inclined to keep the Commandments feels that he has within him the potentiality of crimes which are forbidden by them." Moreover, if all criminals are of unsound minds, then crime must go practically unpunished.

This mawkish and dangerous way of regarding crime has been admirably exposed by Dr. Henry Maudsley, of London, in his address before the recent meeting of the Anthropological Association in this city. He distinguished between the occasional or accidental criminal, who presents nothing characteristic in form, feature or cerebral structure, and the natural or essential criminal. The latter is what he is by no reason of defective intellect. "It is not true that lack of intellect and of moral feeling go together in defective mental organizations in some instances. The defect seems to be mainly moral. Those of this class are either born of criminal parents, or sprung from families in which insanity, epilepsy or some nearly allied neuropathy has existed. It is only of this class that we can say that they have a special criminal neurosis. A third very distinct group is that of those who break the law while laboring under positive disease." The conclusion reached by the investigator is, that there is no general criminal constitution predisposing to crime, and that no theories of criminal anthropology are so well-grounded as to justify their introduction into a revised criminal law. The right aim of scientific study is indicated as the investigation, first, of crimes committed by persons suffering from positive disease; secondly, of crimes by persons of defective mental organization. It is to be hoped that this explanation may help to combat the sentimental notion that there is a criminal constitution, that the criminal is to be pitied rather than censured, and that crime is a disease for which the criminal is not to be held strictly responsible.

SENATOR SHERMAN will have the support of his State in the Chicago Convention, but there are a good many Ohio Republicans who still persist in demanding the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Evidently these people imagine that Mr. Blaine doesn't know his own mind, and that he is altogether mistaken when he says that he would not accept a nomination if tendered. He may well pray to be delivered from this sort of friends.

THE Democratic National Convention did a graceful thing in adopting a resolution of sympathy with General Sheridan in his illness. As a tribute from a party with which the distinguished soldier has not been supposed to be in sympathy, the distinct recognition of his "noble and valiant deeds" has a peculiar significance and value. Mr. "Tim" Campbell sometimes does absurd things, but in proposing this resolution he performed an act in every way honorable to himself and the Democracy of the country.

THOSE who still insist upon the "bloody shirt" and "yawning chasm" should consider the programme for the unveiling of the monument to Stonewall Jackson on the field of Chancellorsville, where the rebel general received his mortal wound. General Collis, commander of the Union brigade opposed to Jackson in the battle, and other Union officers, including Colonel Fred. Grant, were among the invited guests. The spectacle of the Union commander mourning at the grave of his gallant foe is to be commended to the stay-at-home politicians.

It is well to be historically correct. Some of the partisan newspapers insist that the acclaim which greeted the nomination of Mr. Cleveland at St. Louis was unprecedented in enthusiasm and duration. It was, certainly, wildly enthusiastic, and it was a good while before it subsided—lasting, according to one account, at least twenty-four minutes. But this exploit of the Democrats at St. Louis is altogether eclipsed by another, of which we have the record in the Good Book, where, for "the space of two hours," the people of Ephesus cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

From clergymen to ballet-girls is an abrupt descent, but the Central Labor Union is equal to any demand. A delegation has appeared at Castle Garden to protest against the landing of forty-three ballet-girls and acrobats, who were brought over to perform in a spectacular production at Coney Island, on the ground that their importation violated the contract-labor law. It is interesting to know that the important question of American *versus* foreign legs was settled in favor of the imported article. The Commissioners held that the ballet-girls were "professional" people, and did not come within the provisions of the law. Under this ruling the ballet-girl is apparently rated higher than the clergyman, for we have recently had a decision that a clergyman could not be imported free of duty for an American church. Boston will be more than ever convinced of New York's impiety and want of culture on learning that official preference has been given to legs over piety and intellect.

THE experiment of religious liberty has now been tried at Harvard for two years, and the reports show, with success. The change to voluntary attendance at prayers and Sunday services occasioned various doleful prognostications of an utterly irreligious future. Nevertheless, the voluntary system has resulted in the attendance of a fair number of students at morning prayers, and it has been possible to sustain a vesper service on a week-day afternoon with a large and interested audience of students. Attendance at the Sunday services has varied with the popularity of the clergyman; but it is regarded as satisfactory. The personal intercourse of these visiting clergymen with the students seems to have exercised a beneficial influence upon the tone of college life. These results are not yet final; but the present system of treating students as men, of endeavoring to make religion interesting, non-sectarian and helpful, has thus far justified the expectations of its friends, and it is probable that Harvard's example will be followed at other colleges.

WE had hoped that the campaign of 1888 would be free from scandalous personalities, but a most disgraceful scandal was put in circulation even before the nominations were made at St. Louis. The vile stories that the President of the United States is a wife-beater, a libertine and a drunkard must be referred to, although their mention is nauseating. As usual, a clergyman's lack of common sense seems to have been partly responsible for their appearance in print in one quarter. We need not dwell upon the womanly and indignant denials which have been drawn from Mrs. Folson and in a private communication from her daughter, Mrs. Cleveland. But the responsibility for these infamous attacks is a matter of public consequence. Unfortunately, partisan prejudice has caused an attempt to involve those who would refuse to fight with such weapons. The New York Times has promptly charged that the scurrilous pamphlet was written and circulated at St. Louis by a reporter of the New York Tribune, and that he was supplied

with funds by that journal. We have investigated this charge, and the facts are that the pamphlet was written and circulated by a man formerly in the employ of the Tribune, but who severed his connection with that journal some time since, and undertook this performance entirely without the knowledge of or assistance from that journal. It is understood, moreover, that the man has been mentally affected by peculiarly severe private misfortunes. This statement of facts is certainly due to the Tribune, though it can hardly be necessary to disprove the charge. No one who knows the editor of that journal would for a moment believe him capable of the infamous act in question.

THE High Church movement in the Episcopal Church continues to make steady advances, the latest evidence being afforded in the election of the Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman to the Bishopric of Delaware in succession to the late Bishop Lee. The latter, who was for the last few years of his life the Presiding Bishop, was one of the most pronounced Low Churchmen, and Delaware has always been classed as a Low Church diocese. Dr. Coleman is a High Churchman, though not a Ritualist. Previous to the last year, he was for ten years a rector at Oxford, England, where he became thoroughly identified with the Oxford school of thought in the English Church. He contributed a series of letters to the *Church Eclectic* of Utica, N. Y., entitled, "Notes of an American Priest in England." This election, following so closely upon the election of the Rev. Dr. Leonard, of Washington, to the Diocese of Southern Ohio, plainly shows the rapid and solid growth of the High Church element in these two formerly well-known Low Church strongholds. Almost every Northern diocese of the Episcopal Church in this country is now filled by either a High or Broad Church bishop.

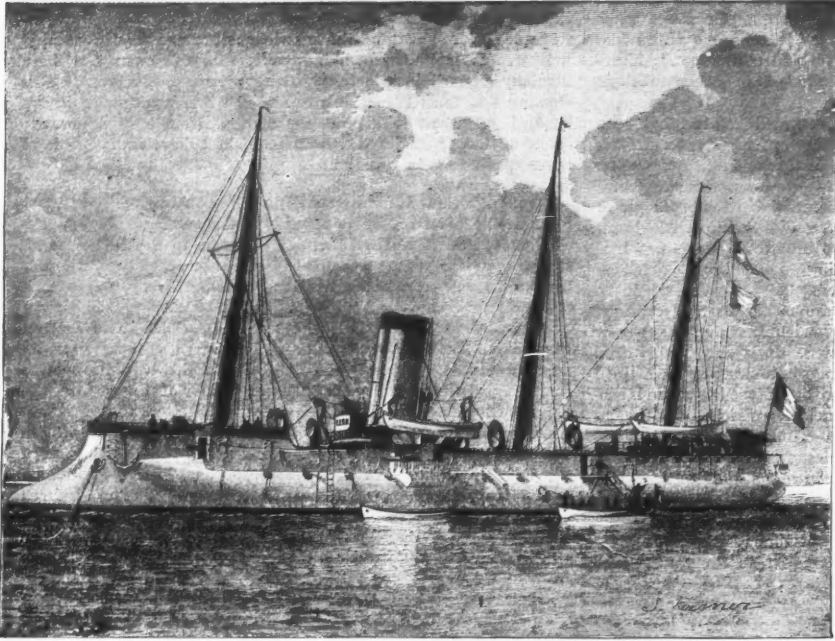
EVEN if a resolution to support the Monroe Doctrine gets no further than the committee to which it is referred, the resolution is in itself a good thing, and a necessary thing to be done from time to time. There is danger of our forgetting, unless periodically reminded of it, that this country owes a duty to itself and to the other American nations, and is bound to resent aggression by any European Power on the rights of an American State. The resolution on this subject offered by Mr. "Tim" Campbell, of New York, in the St. Louis Convention, was intended as an expression of Democratic sentiment, but it should be regarded as the utterance of all Americans. There is a fitness in calling attention to the matter just now, while England is taking advantage of our indifference to rob Venezuela, and France is making herself morally responsible for the Panama Canal enterprise. We cannot sing the song of the Jingo, it is true, for if we have the men and the money, it is too well known that we have not the guts; but both France and England know what can be done, if we take their actions seriously to heart, and they will count the cost before defying us.

THERE has evidently been a mistake somewhere. Mr. Cleveland's free-trade policy does not meet that enthusiastic popular approval which was expected. Take Oregon by way of illustration. In that State, the Democrats committed themselves to a square endorsement of the President's policy, and were confident of success, especially as they were liberally supplied with money raised from public officials in the East, and backed by all the power of the Administration. The Republicans declared for protection, and made a straightforward canvass on that line. The election came off last week, and the returns show a remarkable Republican victory—that party electing their Congressman by 7,000 majority, and securing over seventy out of ninety members of the Legislature. So far as appears, the Democrats did not elect their ticket in a single county of the State. The defeat of the Democrats is all the more annoying to the managers, because they had hoped, by carrying the Legislature, to secure control of the United States Senate by the election of a Democratic successor to Senator Dolph. A few more miscalculations of this sort will leave Mr. Cleveland and his admirers in anything but good shape for the coming national contest.

AFTER January 1st, 1889, there will be no more hangings in the State of New York. Governor Hill has signed the Bill substituting death by electricity as the punishment for murders committed after that date. The provisions of the Bill have been carefully considered. The prisoner, after sentence, is to be conveyed to one of the State prisons and kept in solitary confinement, visited only by officers, relatives, physicians, clergymen and counsel. The Court will name only the week within which the execution is to take place, and the exact time will be left to the discretion of the warden of the jail. The execution is to be practically private. In other words, the new law will prevent the glorification of criminals by the silly women and maudlin sentimentalists who have frequently made spectacles of themselves at the Tombs. It will do away with the custom of regarding executions as a public show, and we shall be spared descriptions of the "walk to the gallows," the "scene on the scaffold," the "last words" and the "dull, sickening thud." There will be more or less description, especially at first; but we take it that the new form of execution will be conducted far more quietly and expeditiously than the old. The effect upon the criminal classes should be beneficial, since execution by electricity will appear to be a more terrible punishment inasmuch as it is not altogether comprehensible, and few chances will be afforded for the public display which gratifies the vanity of the "tough."

THE recent approach to a Ministerial crisis in Germany has possibly been exaggerated by those who are constantly on the lookout for an open conflict between autocracy and absolutism as represented by Bismarck and the progressive and liberal spirit which is personified in the Emperor Frederick. The Emperor rebuked Puttkamer, Vice-president of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior, for an abuse of the Government power in elections, and refused to promulgate the law extending from three to five years the legislative period unless his letter were published with it. Thereupon, according to the first report, Prince Bismarck and the Prussian Cabinet threatened to resign. The Prince wished to prolong the existence of a Parliament which has sustained his policy; the Emperor was anxious to liberalize the methods of election and make the legislative institutions of Germany more representative. The usual "corrections" have followed, and the public is now assured that the exercise of the Emperor's prerogative does not involve the resignation of the Ministry. Moreover, Bismarck is described as lunching amicably with the Empress, who is commonly regarded as hostile to him and all his ideas. This difficulty, like others, is tided over, for Bismarck probably considers it impolitic to force an open fight when the Emperor's death, which cannot be long delayed, will make him again master of the situation. Under the former Emperor the Ministers were governed by the spirit of reaction and absolutism, and if the Deputies offered serious opposition, a summary remedy was applied in a dissolution. The present "crisis" indicates the spread of liberal ideas. The Crown Prince may check progress for a time when he ascends the throne, but it is certain that Germany, like all other countries, must be actively influenced by the democratic spirit of the age.

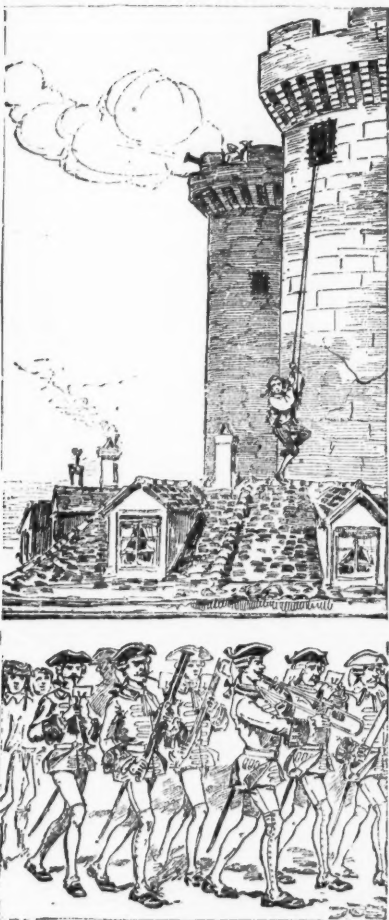
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 278.



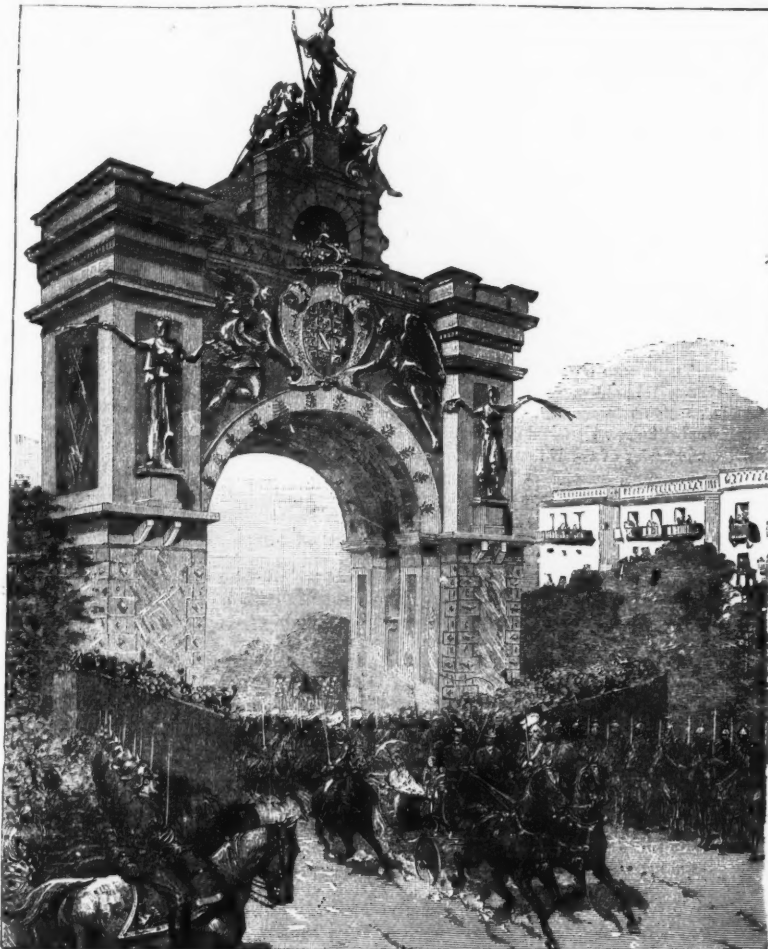
FRANCE.—THE NEW FAST TORPEDO-CRUISER "CONDOR."



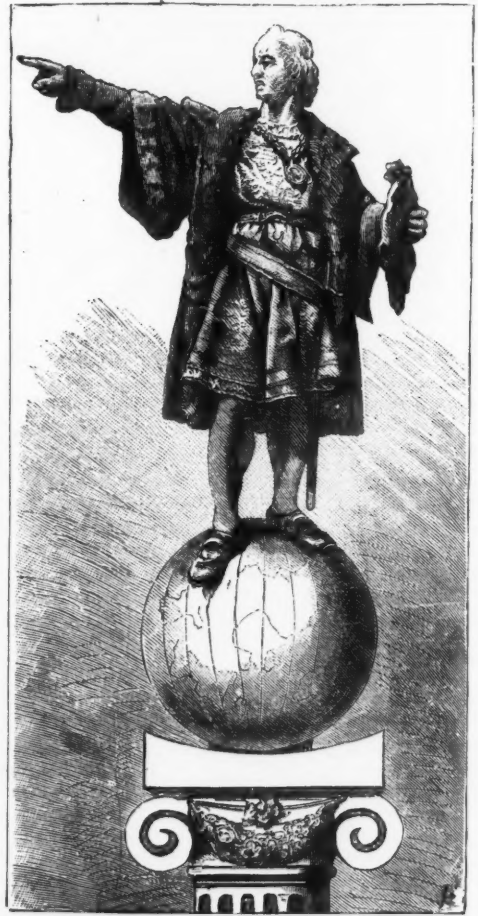
VENEZUELA.—OPENING OF THE NEW CENTRAL RAILROAD—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT THE STATION OF ENCANTADO.



FRANCE.—RESTORATION OF THE BASTILLE, PARIS.



SPAIN.—OPENING OF THE BARCELONA EXPOSITION—THE QUEEN REGENT PASSING BENEATH THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH, CALLE DE LAS CORTES.



SPAIN.—STATUE OF COLUMBUS, AT BARCELONA.



EGYPT.—TRANSFERRING RELICS OF THE PROPHET TO THE MOSQUE OF SAIDNA-EL-HUSSEIN, CAIRO.

THE PUTNAM STATUE AND THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, AT BROOKLYN, CONN.

THE pretty Connecticut town of Brooklyn, the capital of Windham County, has a population of about 2,000, farmers and business men, and is situated forty-five miles northeast of Hartford. It is famous through its memories of that grand old American patriot and Revolutionary hero, General



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Israel Putnam, over whose grave, in its peaceful cemetery, President Dwight of Yale College placed the well-known inscription setting forth the fact that the sturdy senior Major-general of the American Army had "dared to lead where any dared to follow." A little to the northeast of the town is the farm which he bought when he came of age, and upon which he died in 1790. Not far away is the wolf-den where his famous adventure, occurring when he was twenty-five years old, first gave him a wide reputation for personal daring. The new Putnam monument, with its fine equestrian statue, to be unveiled on the 14th inst., is shown in one of our illustrations. It occupies a site fronting on the shaded Main Street of Brooklyn, near the post-office and the historic Mortlake House, built by the general's son-in-law, Daniel Tyler, and formerly known as the Putnam House. This site, given by the Hon. Thomas S. Marlor, was chosen from among several offered by that public-spirited citizen of Brooklyn.

In conjunction with the unveiling of the Putnam statue will occur the dedication, with military and civic exercises, of the soldiers' monument, also occupying a conspicuous position on the lawn in front of the Mortlake House, and not far from the Brooklyn cemetery. For this noble memorial the town is indebted to the generosity of the donor of

the other site; the soldiers' monument, costing \$10,000, having been erected entirely at the expense of Mr. Marlor. He was moved to this act by witnessing, some two years ago, the grief of an old gentleman who had lost a brave son in the civil war. The monument, of which an illustration is given, stands 30 feet and 6 inches in height, the shaft being 22 feet and 6 inches. The base is 8 feet square. The figure of the soldier, surmounting the granite shaft, is 8 feet in height, and represents the attitude of parade rest. On the face of the shaft are inscribed the names of Antietam and Gettysburg. The State coat-of-arms in bronze, and appropriate inscriptions, mark the front and sides of the granite memorial. One of the most interesting and valuable features of the monument is the bronze tablet design, on which have been inscribed the names of the soldiers and sailors from Brooklyn who served in the war. The inscription, furnished by General Hawley, is as follows:

"Erected to the memory of all the brave men of Brooklyn who fought on land and on sea for the preservation of the Union."

A portrait of the Hon. Thomas S. Marlor appropriately appears amongst our illustrations. He is of Puritan stock, and was born in England in 1839, but came to New York at an early age, tried his hand at several avocations, and finally went into Wall Street. He was one of the first members of the Gold Exchange, and founded the banking-house of S. B. Benedict & Co. He retired from active business in 1868, but is, we believe, still a member of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Marlor removed to Brooklyn, Conn., his present home, in 1870. He was elected to the Assembly as an Independent in 1873, returned in 1874, and in 1875 was chosen Senator from the old Thirteenth District. He has since served as a Centennial Commissioner, a director of the Prisoners' Aid Association, a savings-bank corporator and director, and filled various responsible positions, but has steadily declined nomination for any public office. He is even now talked of for Governor, but probably would not accept the nomination were it offered him. Mr. Marlor is evidently content to win fame and honor as a public-spirited and hospitable private citizen; and in this he has beyond all question succeeded.

JAPANESE EEL-HOUSES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Japan, says: "A specialty of Tokio houses of refreshment is eel-houses, where those squirming snakes are served up in a way to tempt all the Japanese household gods. An eel dinner is an experience that every newly arrived tourist is anxious to try, and even old residents enjoy repeating. As in the environs of Paris, in the villages along the Seine, there are places made famous by the way in which that savory dish of eels, the *matelotte*, is compounded. The Frenchman cuts his eel in inch pieces, stews in red wine and olive oil, and adds mushrooms with a liberal hand. Epicures close their eyes and spread out their hands as in benediction, when a *matelotte de Seine* is mentioned, and even a Marylander owns that it approaches his native terrapin.

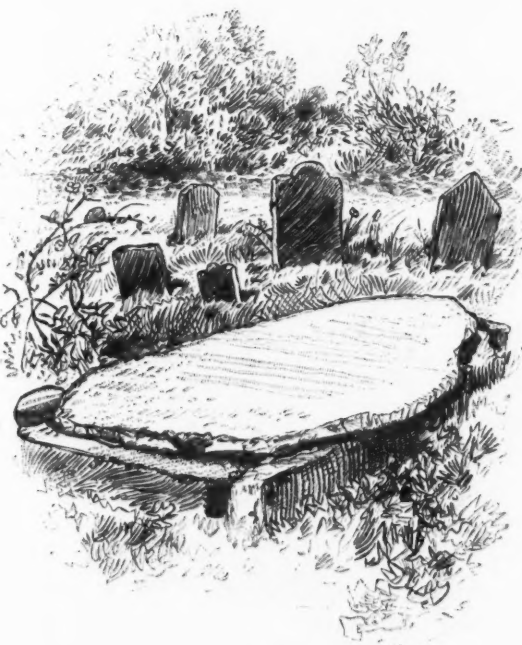


STATUE OF PUTNAM.

same way in other countries. Japanese soy is the foundation of Worcestershire sauce, and is much better before it is charged with all the spices and cayenne that convert it into the English condiment. Omelets, lily-bulbs, bamboo-sprouts and dishes of mysterious composition, passed in review before us, but all the appetite had been broken on the dishes of white eels and black eels, and we toyed with the later courses, simply taking chop-stick practice with the shreds and lumps of which they are composed."

BLAINE'S HEALTH HABITS.

ACCORDING to the New York *World*, Mr. J. G. Blaine owes to two simple habits of life the excellent health which has enabled him to do probably more work than any other public man in the United States now living. Here is what Mr. Blaine says about himself as regards his mode of life: "Well, I have a very strong constitution, and, more than that, I have taken great care of myself. I believe I owe a great deal to this. For instance, I have always been careful to keep my feet dry. I have no bad habits, and have never been addicted to the use of stimulants. I do not smoke or use



GRAVE OF PUTNAM IN THE BROOKLYN CEMETERY.

"We celebrated a recent anniversary day by an eel dinner at a famous eel-house. While we were taking off our shoes at the doorway we could look through a latticed partition into the kitchen, and see the cook, with a murderous-looking knife in hand, making choice of his living victims, that were looping themselves into bow-knots in tanks of fresh water. If one wishes, he is always privileged to select his own eels from the tanks at eel-houses, although the first one that could be caught ought certainly to answer quite as well. When we reached the large upper room, square silk cushions in lieu of chairs were ranged around three sides of the room. The fourth side was left open for the passing of the pretty waitresses to and fro, and as a stage for the performance of the two doll-like *geishas*, who sat demurely in an outer room awaiting our arrival.

"The feast began with a soup or stew of eels, the bottom of the bowl being filled with a delicate white curd and the flavor of the dish being as mild and evasive as flax-seed tea. Broiled eels, skewered out flatly like a section of flounder, and laid on top of steaming rice, next tempted us, and inspired by fierce appetites, we did skillful and heroic work with the chop-sticks. The plain boiled bits are called white eels, and after them came black eels, or eels dipped in soy before and during the broiling. They acquire a rich brown tint and a most piquant flavor by this treatment, and the soy, or bean sauce, with which the Japanese always improve their fish and birds, might be used in the



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT BROOKLYN.

CONNECTICUT.—UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM, OF REVOLUTIONARY FAME, AND DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, AT BROOKLYN, JUNE 14TH.



HON. THOMAS S. MARLOR.

tobacco in any form; in fact, I never had a piece of tobacco in my mouth. I never took stimulants. Never in the habit of taking a glass of liquor, even occasionally. I do not know the taste of rum, whisky or brandy."

A ROMANCE OF THE SEASHORE.

[Some years ago a young girl of unusual beauty arrived at a well-known fashionable watering place, in the height of the season. She seemed greatly depressed, and as she lived in complete seclusion, refusing to make any acquaintances, nothing was learned of her family or antecedents. One glorious day, just at noon, when the ocean was violently agitated from the effects of a recent storm, she came, elegantly dressed, from her cottage, and walked slowly over the gray and crowded beach. Every eye was fastened upon her with curiosity and admiration, nor was her purpose suspected until she advanced a step too far and was swept away.]

ONWARD she walked, sublime, with marble brow, To meet the stormful ocean in its pride, Rolling with grand green waves, at full high tide, That turned e'en then, ebbing that mighty flow. All eyes beheld her, swan-like, pacing slow, When "Stay!" a sudden voice shrill-shrieking cried;

"A step and you are gone!" The Sea's pale bride Paused not, and towering up with hungry sough, Her vanishing form the high triumphal surge With ravishment drew. Moment intense! Her rescue then 'twas all in vain to urge; For in that throbbing pause of sharp suspense Her small, sad feet had crossed life's final verge; A step consigned her to the gulf immense—

To Death's embrace. In passionate distress, Ah me, self-slain! Her story none will know. All undivulged her name and nameless woe, Deep buried lie with that rare loveliness Which no kind hand will e'er again caress, No loving eye behold. Stunned by the blow, The awed crowd reeled, then shrieked, rushed to and fro, Nor words could find their horror to express; Pale women swooned, and men strong-hearted wept,

And long they sought, cast back upon the shore, Her sweet dead form, when low tides downward crept;

But never did that bridegroom hold restore His beauteous prize; but guarded as she slept, Entombed in state on some cave's jasper floor. March, 1888. VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

THE WHITE DEVIL.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THERE never was a horse better named, sir. Handsome as a picture, as you can see—not a black hair on him anywhere; mane and tail as soft as silk and shining like silver, and his nostrils all shaded with that pretty pale-pink as though he had gone and touched 'em up a-purpose in the ladies' dressing-room with a tinge of French rouge—but just a devil, for all that, a sheer devil. It was Jenny Wilson as named him. She got the name out of some old book of plays that she was fond of reading, for Jenny was a great hand for books, and would get off to herself to read many and many's the time when she was tired with her rehearsals or performances. She had a great power over animals. Some people have a gift that way, I am told, and I believe it; for certainly Jenny could do anything with the wildest horse or the fiercest dog about the place. I think she would have done well if she had taken up the Lion Queen business and gone into the cages with the lions and tigers. But, then, her husband never would have let her do such a thing. He could not bear to let her run such risks, I know, for he was mortal fond of her, though he did treat her shameful sometimes when his blood was up. Not that he ever drank; but he was that jealous that he could not bear to have her look at another man or to have another man look at her. It was hard to help that last, though; for a handsomer thing on horseback than Jenny Wilson it has never been my lot to see, and people used to flock to the circus just to see her in her two acts. One was what they call the "Holt Ecrole," when she rode on a regular side-saddle and wore a habit that fitted her as though it had grown on her like her skin; and she used to take White Devil round the ring, guiding all his paces with a touch now and then of her little whip. But I liked her better in her second scene, when she went tearing round the ring standing straight up on White Devil's back, with her black hair all flying loose, and the band playing like mad, and the horse snorting and sending up the sawdust in showers from his hoofs, and her short skirts blown back by the rush of air. Made like a statue, she was. Such limbs, and such a figure, and such great, glorious black eyes! You don't often see the likes of her in a traveling circus, sir. We called her Mademoiselle Zoe from the Paris Hippodrome, on the playbills; but she was Jenny Wilson from Yorkshire for all that, and her husband was our chief clown.

Joseph Wilson wasn't what you would call a good clown. He had a morose, hangdog look about him; but he could make people laugh with his sarcastic jokes and odd ways, and he was a great hand at poking fun at political characters, or at anything that happened out of the way in society or at court. He could make up things as he went along, too, about people in the audience, in a way that was very taking. Altogether, though I have seen better clowns—that is, funnier ones—than Joe Wilson, I never saw one that could interest people as he did. Outside the ring he was as quiet and dull a fellow as you would wish to see. He never drank a drop, was always up to time at his duties, and if he had not gotten into the way of going on at his wife, there would not have been a fault to find with him. I do not mean to say that he ever struck her or kicked her; but he used to fall into perfect crazy fits of jealous rage, all about nothing at all, and storm and swear at her till he was perfectly exhausted with his own fury. And she, poor soul, used to turn as white as a sheet and never say a word. Not that she ever really did anything to put him into these passions. She was as good a woman as ever lived, even if she was so handsome. But he was just mad with love for her, and he knew very well that she did not care a

snap of her finger for him. She had got so at the last that she did not mind even his rages and curses. She would shrug her shoulders and sit by looking like a stone till he had worn himself out, and then she would walk off without a word. He was always very sorry when he came to his senses, and would buy her flowers or fruit, or some handkerchiefs or ribbons, or some other little thing, to try to make up; but she cared as little for his presents as she did for his rages. Half the time she would turn her back on him and his gifts too, and go off to White Devil's stall to feed him with carrots.

Jenny could do anything with that horse. He was a terrible kicker, and used to lash out at everybody that came near him; but I've seen her walk up close behind him and pat him on the crupper and smooth down his long tail, and he would look round at her as gentle and sensible as a child. I really believe that the only happy moments Jenny ever knew were those when she was on his back. She taught him any number of tricks, and showed him off in all sorts of ways. I think she used to busy herself with him so much just to keep from thinking about her troubles; for she had plenty, poor girl! One day Mrs. Marmaduke, who was the wife of our bandmaster and the best old soul in the world, said to her:

"Jenny Wilson, how did it come about that you, such a good-looking lass and such a rider as you are, ever chanced to marry such an ill-conditioned tike as Joe the clown?"

"Well, Mrs. Marmaduke," said Jenny, looking a bit put out at the question, and throwing back her handsome head defiantly, "when the man one is promised to is dead, and another man comes and says he is dying for you, what is a lass to do?" And off she went without stopping to say or to hear anything more. But after that, it came out that Jenny had been engaged to a young man, one Oliver Lybrook, of Hull, who was mate of a merchant vessel. He had sailed for India some three years before, and had never returned, and finally news came that he had died of cholera in Calcutta. And so, when she learned that he was dead she took pity, in an evil hour for herself, on Joseph Wilson, and consented to marry him. She was all alone in the world, poor girl—an orphan without either brothers or sisters—and so it came about. But she had never loved her husband, and she had never forgotten Oliver Lybrook. Once she said to me, while she was putting White Devil through his paces, after her husband had been more than usually outrageous, "I am glad that I never really cared for Joseph, for if I had, he would have broken my heart long ago," and she started the horse off at his maddest gallop. Joe had been very trying with her that day, and I did not wonder at the wild way she went on, for I knew she was getting off her worriment by hard work and exercise.

It was about a year after this that we came to Liverpool, and stopped there to give a series of performances in the suburbs. Joseph Wilson and Jenny were both still with the company, and Jenny was a greater favorite than ever, both with the manager and the audience. She had invented a very pretty new act to go through with White Devil, called the "Rose Queen." She hung the handsome creature all over with pink artificial roses and pink ribbons, and wore ever so many roses on her dress and in her hair, and she taught him, at one point in the riding, to turn back his head and take a bunch of real roses out of her hand. She was always the one that had to dress the horse up—there was not another person belonging to the show that would have ventured within reach of his heels to plait the pink ribbons in his tail. As for her husband, his temper was nastier than ever, and he tormented his wife beyond belief. He was always extra savage whenever we stopped at a seaport town, and was ever ready then to make himself unpleasant. I used to wonder why the sea-air had such an effect upon him; but he wasn't a man that one would like to question about his own affairs, so I held my tongue. On the particular evening I am going to tell you about, sir, the show was more crowded than ever. It was beautiful Summer weather, and ever so many ships had come in all together, and, of course, the crews were mad for a bit of pleasure, and lots of them trooped to the circus. The manager had advised Jenny to give up her riding-habit act for that evening, and to do the "Rose Queen" instead of it, as that was new and sensational, and both she and White Devil looked just splendid in it. So as it was July weather, and roses were cheap and plenty, she filled a basket with them and trimmed it up with ribbons.

"What's that for, Jenny?" I asked, as I came up to her before she went on, and saw her standing there, looking so fresh and handsome in her white tulle and roses, with her basket in her hand.

"I mean to go off with a shower of flowers all round me—so!" and she began tossing up her roses and catching them as they came down, as a juggler plays with his gill balls. And then they led out White Devil, and she sprang on his back, and off they went. Round and round, just as if they were flying, and the people fairly shouted with delight and the band played its liveliest. But all of a sudden, in the midst of the music and applause, I heard one name uttered, in a loud, shrill cry—"Jenny!" She was just going to feed White Devil with the roses when this cry came, and she seemed to lose her footing and was down in the sawdust and almost under the horse's feet before we could well make out what was the matter. If it had been anybody else, White Devil would have stamped the life out of him or her in a minute, but he stopped short and trembled like a leaf when he saw Jenny under his hoofs. Several people sprang up in the audience, and one man, a noble-looking fellow in a sailor's dress, leaped clear over the barrier into the ring, but he was made to jump back again, mighty quick, I can tell you, for Jenny was not really hurt. She was up and on White Devil's back again and careering

around the ring as if possessed, before you could say Jack Robinson. She was like something crazy through the rest of the act, shouting to the horse, and stamping on the saddle, and flinging her roses this way and that. And just before she rode off, she twisted two or three of her flowers together and tossed them to the handsome sailor that had been so alarmed when she fell, and who had sat watching her ever since, with a white, dazed face, as though he had seen a ghost. He caught her nosegay, and looked quite delighted and as though he wanted to say something, but she and White Devil had disappeared behind the canvas screen before he could speak.

Joseph Wilson was standing in his clown's dress waiting to go on when Jenny came off. She sprang to the ground and made at him like a fury. Her face was as white as death under her rouge, and her breath came in quick, heavy pants as though she were going to burst a blood-vessel.

"Joseph Wilson—wretch—liar—traitor!" she cried, "do you know who is in the house to-night? The man that you told me was dead; the man whose letters you've intercepted, as you did mine to him. There he is—Oliver Lybrook—alive and well, on the front row. Oh, yes; he has come back—not from the grave, for he never was dead, alive and well, and loving me just the same as I love him. And I am your wife—" She stopped short, gasping for breath.

The wretched man looked this way and that, and he tried to slink away, but Jenny grasped his shoulders with her firm little hands, that had a grip like steel.

"Answer me, Joseph Wilson: why did you lie to me, and break my heart by false news of Oliver Lybrook's death?"

"I loved you," was all that Wilson muttered. She flung him from her with a cry of wrath and scorn.

"Oh, villain—wretch—deceiver, how can I ever bear to live knowing what I do, and being your wife! Your wife!" she repeated, with infinite contempt; "I wish I were dead and in my grave, if only I could get out of your way for ever and ever!"

And off she rushed without so much as looking at Wilson again. He caught at her dress and tried to stop her, but the thin stuff tore to pieces in his grasp, and she got away.

"She has to change her dress anyway, Joe, for the next scene," I said, wanting to console him, for I never saw one look as cast down as he was. He never said a word, but drew himself up with a long breath and went right out into the wing, for it was his turn, you see, to go on.

He was more entertaining than ever that night, to my surprise—made more jokes and told more funny stories than I thought he knew. And he cut capers and made faces, and set all the people in a roar. At last the horses were led out for the next act, which was "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," and all our best horses were in it, White Devil, of course, included.

"Now, gentlemen," cried Wilson, "I'll show you the best trick you ever saw in your life." So he walked right up to White Devil and caught him by his long tail, and swung all his weight on it, bending down his head as he did so. It was done so quick that we could not stop him, and before any one of us could jerk him away the horse had lashed out his terrible hind hoofs, and it was all up with Joseph Wilson. The kick took him right in the breast, and knocked him over senseless and dying in an instant. We got him out of the ring and into the dressing-room, and he lived for perhaps a quarter of an hour, but he never spoke a word or even opened his eyes again before he died. It was a queer way of committing suicide, but then Joe always had queer ideas, and I suppose he thought that Jenny would fret about what she had said to him just before he went on for the last time; and she did take on dreadfully at first, though she was not a bit to blame for what had happened. But she stopped worrying herself about it before long. She might have forgiven him all his hatefulness to her, perhaps, if he had lived, but she never could have gotten over the falsehoods he invented to separate her from Oliver Lybrook. So it was just as well for himself that he put himself out of the way.

Jenny kept on with the circus as usual, but Lybrook was always hanging around, and though she would have nothing to say to him for a long time on account of feeling remorseful for Joe's death, we all saw pretty soon what was going to happen. They were married yesterday, sir, and Mrs. Lybrook has given up the show business for good and all. Lybrook has come into a good bit of money of late, and they are going to the States to settle, and—Oh, I forgot, you asked me why I was fussing so over White Devil and had been exercising him so careful. Well, you see, it is a sort of good-by to the creature. The Lybrooks have bought him, and he is to be shipped tomorrow for New York on the *Assyrian Monarch*.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A NEW FRENCH CRUISER.

The new French torpedo-cruiser *Condor*, of which we give a picture, is one of a group of four of the same type now possessed by the French navy, the others being the *Epervier*, the *Vautour* and the *Faucon*. They are of a class of modern fast cruisers, of medium tonnage, destined at once to combat torpedo-vessels and ironclads of greater tonnage. The *Condor* carries five 10-centimeter cannon and six revolving guns, is provided with five torpedo-tubes, and can easily make eighteen knots an hour. To the example of the *Condor* is said to be due the creation of the new *Scout* type in the British navy.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF VENEZUELA.

The new Venezuelan railway line recently opened with appropriate ceremonies by Señor Hermogenes Lopez, acting President of the Republic, is an extension of a system now completed

between Caracas and Valencia. The central branch penetrates the rich agricultural and industrial regions of the interior, and, following the line of the River Guaire, connects the valley of the Tuy with that of the capital, Caracas. Our engraving shows the temporary station of Encarnado, the present interior terminus of the line.

THE NEW BASTILLE.

The World's Exposition at Paris, next year, will mark the centennial anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille; and a reproduction of that world-renowned prison on a grand scale will appropriately figure amongst the attractions of the great fair. This new Bastille has already been completed, and is at present open to visitors, in the Rue Suffren, where one may cross the ancient drawbridge, mingle with soldiers, guards and officers in the uniform of the reign of Louis XVI., and look down from the bastioned walls upon the tiled roofs of the surrounding houses, just as prisoners did previous to that tumultuous uprising which, not quite a century ago, razed the Bastille to the earth, and inaugurated the French Revolution.

THE SPANISH QUEEN REGENT AT BARCELONA.

The International Exposition at Barcelona was opened by the Queen Regent Christina, in the name of her son, King Alfonso XIII., on Sunday, the 20th ult. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Genoa, and Prince Rupert of Bavaria, were present, together with all the foreign Ambassadors and the chief notabilities of the kingdom. The little King, who was dressed in white and carried by an Asturian nurse, was placed upon the throne, and sat perfectly self-possessed throughout the ceremony, his little sisters sitting on the steps, and his mother on his left hand, the Duke of Edinburgh sitting on his right. Señor Sagasta, at the Queen's request, declared the Exhibition open. On Friday, June 1st, at sunset, the Queen unveiled the colossal statue of Columbus, of which a picture is also given. The statue stands upon a globe surmounting a column, and the site is on a central quay of the fine harbor of Barcelona. The figure of Columbus is of bronze, twenty-five feet high, with a pedestal in proportion, on which are pictured in bas-relief incidents of his career. He is sculptured in the familiarly known dress of the period.

RELICS OF MAHOMET AT CAIRO.

The Khedive of Egypt has recently caused the transfer, from the royal palace of Abdin to the Mosque of Saidna-el-Hussain, Cairo, of certain sacred relics of the Prophet, consisting of articles collected at Mecca at the time of Mahomet's death. This act caused great rejoicing amongst the faithful, and was the occasion of the popular demonstration and picturesque religious procession depicted in the drawing by M. Vierge.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CLEVELAND AND THURMAN NOMINATED.

ST. LOUIS was hot, smoky and crowded on Tuesday of last week, the opening day of the National Democratic Convention; but the streets were gay with bunting, and thronged with eager multitudes. Uniformed clubs marched to the sound of music, and all the various tides of humanity seemed to flow towards a common centre—the Convention building. Into the vast oblong hall they poured, until its acre of floor and the surrounding gallery-tiers were peopled with a Democratic multitude numbering between twelve and thirteen thousand. The platform and the Chairman's desk projected from one end like a tiny headland; the walls were gay with bunting, shields, portraits and inscriptions; while the tumultuous sea of the State delegations on the floor was dotted with their guidons. On the platform appeared the members of the National Committee, marshaled by Chairman Barnum, while flanking the Chairman's desk arose the terrace of benches occupied by some two or three hundred newspaper men and artists. Patriotic music quickened the long wait while the crowds were pouring in. Before the proceedings began, the casual display of a Thurman bandana handkerchief by a delegate from the Pacific Coast aroused a storm of enthusiasm, and in a moment this flaming symbol was fluttering about two-thirds of the guidons on the floor. This outburst brought forth a demonstration on the part of the Gray and the Black Vice-presidential "boomers," who hung out respectively gray and black stovepipe hats.

The first day was given up to the temporary organization. Lieutenant-governor White of California, as temporary Chairman, made the opening speech, and won easy honors by springing the name of President Cleveland at an early period in his remarks. Governor Green of New Jersey secured the passage of a resolution that the rules of the last Convention should govern this one, with the proviso that no State should change its vote until the roll of the States had been called. At this point a solid silver gavel was presented to the Chairman in behalf of the Democrats of Colorado. The list of committees was read, and the appointment of Henry Watterson as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions was cheered. In the evening the Committee on Organization appointed General Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, as permanent Chairman.

On Wednesday, the second day, the heat was more oppressive; but the Convention, which could not possibly be more crowded than on the previous day, was more demonstrative than ever. The red bandana still triumphantly waved. After the customary opening with prayer, General Collins delivered a pleasing address, and business began. Some resolutions were referred to the Committee, and a hearing was gallantly accorded the inevitable woman's rights representative. Then an Alabama delegate announced that Alabama tendered to New York the right to make the Presidential nomination. Up rose the familiar, tall and elegant figure of the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, formerly of Philadelphia, now of New York. Mounting the rostrum, he faced his vast audience for a moment in silence, then began a florid speech, adorned with all the graces known to the practiced orator, "not to nominate a candidate, but only to name one already nominated." His peroration, "I give you a name entwined with victory—Inolinate Grover Cleveland," was the signal for a mighty outburst of cheers, followed by a series of wild, theatrical demonstrations, participated in by all of the thousands of delegates and spectators in that vast hall. In the midst of the *fanfare* of the bands, the shouts, the frantic waving of hats, handkerchiefs and banners, a vail was drawn from before the door of the huge pictured Capitol at Washington, over the platform; and lo! in the doorway appeared a full-length portrait of President Cleveland, as large, stolid and dignified as

life. Then the bust on the platform was crowned with a wreath; and finally, as a grand climactic spectacle, all the delegations on the floor took up their bannered guidon-staffs, and rallied round the representatives of New York State. It made a splendid picture; and during all this time, some twenty minutes, the pandemonium of shouts, music and movement was kept up. Attempts were made to proceed to the nomination of a Vice-president, but they proved ineffectual. The unanimous renomination of President Cleveland was carried and ratified, and the day's momentous business was done.

When the Convention met on the third and last day, the Thurman contagion had spread, and the eruption of red bandanas was universal. The sweltering crowds were jubilant, and everything was moving like clockwork. As soon as General Collins had called the Convention to order, Henry Watterson presented the production of his committee—the Democratic platform for 1888—which was read by Clerk Pettit of the House of Representatives. Each successive "plank" was received with uproarious cheers; but the essential principles of the whole were embodied in the opening sentence, in which the party "renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the Convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last annual message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also indorses the effort of our Democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation." The claims are made for the Democratic party that it has averted financial disaster, and promoted the prosperity of the people; that it has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates nearly 100,000,000 acres of valuable homestead lands; that it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to soldiers and sailors than was ever paid before during an equal period; that it has pursued a "firm and prudent" foreign policy, and kept out the Chinese. The subject of Civil-service Reform is dismissed with the simple statement that President Cleveland has, by precept and example, brought the public service to "the highest standard of efficiency." The arraignment of the Republican party is chiefly embodied in the charge that it stifles with false pretenses "the cry of American labor for a better share in the rewards of industry," and seeks in "extravagant appropriation and expenses, whether constitutional or not," the remedy for the "accumulation of extravagant taxation."

After characteristic speeches by Mr. Watterson and Senator Gorman, the platform was unanimously adopted. A shrewdly devised resolution indorsing the Mills Bill independently of the platform was then proposed by Mr. Scott and put through expeditiously; likewise an Irish Home-rule resolution offered by ex-Governor Abbott of New Jersey; an extraordinary one holding the Republican party responsible for withholding State rights from the Territories of Washington, Dakota, Montana and New Mexico; and resolutions of respect to the memory of Thomas A. Hendricks and General Hancock.

Colonel Tarpey, of California, then arose, and, in a much-interrupted speech, placed in nomination Judge Thurman, of Ohio, whom he dubbed "the Knight of the Red Bandana," for the Vice-presidency. Mr. Patterson, of Colorado, put in a gallant but despairing word for General John C. Black, of Illinois, and Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, presented the name of Governor Gray of that State. Governor Green, of New Jersey, and a number of other more or less prominent delegates, seconded the nomination of Thurman, and the vote by States was taken. The States which voted solidly for Thurman were Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Florida, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Wisconsin. The other States divided their votes, with the exceptions of Indiana, which voted solidly for Gray, and Colorado, which did the same for Black.

The nomination of the "Old Roman" of Ohio was at once made unanimous, and was saluted with an uproar of jubilation lasting some ten minutes. After the customary closing proceedings, the Convention adjourned *sine die*, well pleased with the outcome of its labors.

ALLEN G. THURMAN.

The career of Allen G. Thurman is well known to the American people. He was born at Lynchburg, Va., November 13th, 1813, the son of a Baptist minister, who, on getting rid of his slaves and acquiring notions hostile to the "peculiar institution" of the Old Dominion, found it desirable for the sake of his personal comfort to remove with his family, in 1819, to Ohio, where he settled at Chillicothe. The boy Allen was sent to school at the Chillicothe Academy, and was reckoned a very clever scholar in mathematics. At the same time he learned French from a French emigrant who had wandered thither, and attained great proficiency in both. After leaving the academy he studied law for three years in the office of his uncle, William Allen. At the age of twenty-one he became the private secretary of Governor Lucas, and at the same time continued his legal studies in the office of Judge Swayne. In 1835 he was admitted to the Bar and was taken as a partner by his uncle, William Allen, who soon went into politics and left all the business in young Thurman's hands. Four years later he made a trip to Washington for his health, and was introduced by his uncle to many leading statesmen and politicians.

Mr. Thurman was elected as a Democrat in 1844, to represent the Chillicothe district in the Twenty-ninth Congress, William Allen and Thomas Corwin being then Senators from that State, and Joshua Giddings and Robert C. Schenck being in the delegation of Representatives. At the end of his term he went back to his law office. In 1851 the Democrats elected him a Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court for a term of four years, and during the last two years of it he was Chief-Justice. Again he retired to private life, where he remained all through the stirring years of the civil war. At the close of the conflict he returned to political life. In 1867 he ran for the Governorship of Ohio, and was beaten by Rutherford B. Hayes. But a Democratic Legislature was chosen, and it sent him to the United States Senate in the place of Benjamin F. Wade. He took the seat in March, 1869, and, being re-elected, served until March, 1881. He occupied a commanding position on the Democratic side of the Senate, and was highly esteemed by all his colleagues for his amiable personality, high character and undoubted ability.

Since his retirement from politics Mr. Thurman has been engaged by the Government in the unsuccessful suits to break the Bell telephone patents, and his latest service in court was as counsel for the prosecution in the Columbus tally-sheet forgery cases, in which he had the satisfaction of

convicting some of the accused of flagrant election frauds. For assisting to expose and punish crimes committed by Democrats he was vehemently denounced by members of the party, the vigor of whose resentment accompanied his name into the St. Louis Convention. On Mr. Cleveland's assumption of office four years ago there was general expectation that he would invite Mr. Thurman to a place in his Cabinet, but the man who is now relied upon to help the ticket and to stand next in succession to the Presidency was in 1885 cast aside as being too old and too much of an invalid for further service. He had not been so deemed by President Arthur, who had appointed him a member of the International Metallic Conference. In 1887 he was tendered a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission by Mr. Cleveland, but responded that he was too old and feeble, and that he had made a resolve never again to be tempted to take office.

Mr. Thurman is by no means wealthy, his fortune hardly reaching \$60,000. The Thurman mansion in Columbus is a large double dwelling, the upper part being occupied by Judge Thurman's son, Allen W. Thurman, who has four small children. These grandchildren are the comfort of the "Old Roman's" life. His pet is his grandson Caldwell, who always goes over to eat breakfast with his grandfather, both being late risers. In manners, Mr. Thurman is a polished gentleman of the old school, and in taste and education, more of a scholar than a politician. While in the Senate he was noted for a wonderful snuffbox and a red bandana.

THE SQUEEZING POINT.

The City of Washington is laughing over an incident which occurred at a recent ball in that city. The night was oppressively warm and the weather was the principal topic of conversation among the guests. General Greeley, grave, sedate and dignified as if on dress-parade, stood talking with one of the brightest women in Washington society. The latter, suddenly shifting her position, struck the Chief of the Signal Bureau with her fan playfully upon the arm and exclaimed, with a pretty blush: "Speaking about the weather, general, answer me this: If thirty-two above zero is the freezing point, what, pray, is the squeezing point?"

General Greeley, who is one of the most modest men living, replied, with some embarrassment, that he did not know, and then he added, "Do you?"

"Why, certainly," the pretty woman replied. "It's two in the shade, of course."

NEGRO SLAVE-HOLDERS IN BRAZIL.

CURIOUSLY, the negroes themselves have been among the principal slave-owners of Brazil. There are negroes and negroes. One class came from a locality in the Gulf of Benin. They are different from the Congoes and other debased tribes. The men are of stalwart frames and of intelligent minds; the women, of pleasing countenance, with figures like a Venus de Medici in ebony, and they walk, even under their burdens, like queens. Professor Agassiz once said: "The Mina negress is the finest specimen of a natural woman that I have ever seen." The people of this tribe were first brought over as slaves, but they soon came to be slave-owners. They became also ship-owners and merchants, and drove a lucrative trade with Africa in negroes and merchandise. They have crossed with the Portuguese blood, as all the other negroes have done; but the Mina cross is by far the best, and it can scarcely be considered a deterioration. This miscegenation has gone so far that many years ago when it was proposed, in taking the census of the empire, to classify the whites and blacks, it was found impossible to determine the color line.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* says: "Prince Bismarck refers to the words of the Press as 'nothing but printers' ink spread on paper.' But no man reads the papers more diligently than he. Besides personally reading every day a dozen or more of the leading journals from various European capitals, he keeps a staff of from four to six clerks constantly at work, like the exchange-editors in a newspaper office, scanning the columns of hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of papers from all parts of the world, and clipping out every item that can possibly be of interest to him. The clippings, with the names and dates of the papers from which they are taken, are carefully classified, and indexed, and pasted in enormous scrap-books. These volumes form a conspicuous feature in the Chancellor's private library. There is one lettered on the back 'Socialism,' another 'France—Military,' another 'France—Civil,' another 'Russia,' another 'Culturkampf,' and so on. Each volume is subdivided into chapters, and all so carefully indexed that the statesman can in a moment turn to what has been said by any particular paper on any particular subject."

"This vast encyclopedia is made use of in many ways. A gentleman from Chicago a few years ago called on Prince Bismarck, armed with a note of introduction from the German Minister at Washington. The Prince received him cordially, and after a few general remarks, said: 'I see that your Chicago papers are pitching into me on the pork question.' And then he went on to quote the exact language the various papers had used, and replied to their arguments. 'He told me,' said the gentleman, 'more about the Chicago papers and the pork-packing industries than I knew myself, though I have lived there all my life.' And before I left, in came Congressman —, from California, and the Prince at once turned on him with a lot of talk about the silver question, and what the Pacific Coast newspapers were saying about it."

A PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

ACCOUNTS are published in Paris of the devastation caused by crickets in Algeria. The insects resemble but are not identical with either locusts or grasshoppers. Last year swarms of grasshoppers ravaged the colony. This year the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have a more rapid and sustained flight. They form clouds, which shut out the light of the sun. When they alight on the ground they destroy every trace of vegetation. They sometimes fall exhausted on the ground in such numbers as to cover it with a layer of dead bodies, from which pestilential exhalations arise. The correspondent of a Paris newspaper, in a letter from Algeria, says that the railway trains have been stopped by the insects between Constantine and Batna. The method still employed to check the evil in the African possessions of France is the old and expensive one of digging

long trenches at a right angle to the advancing swarms, and placing on the most distant side a sort of fence, formed by a web of cloth. The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the pit, and are there covered with lime or mold. The Algerian authorities have spent \$150,000 in destroying them, and now contemplate a further expenditure of \$200,000 to complete the work. It was recently stated that the English authorities in Cyprus had traced the locusts in that island to their breeding-places, and had there, to a great extent, succeeded in destroying them in germ, before they became developed into the destructive swarms which periodically devastated that island. As yet the French do not appear to have introduced this method into Algeria.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

LATER explanations of the difference between Italy and Zanzibar show that the Sultan has refused to ratify the cession of the islands Kismayne and Sala, demanded by Italy as a compensation for the alleged insult of the late Sultan to King Humbert.

A BILL is to be introduced in the Louisiana Legislature prohibiting, under penalty, the manufacture, sale or use of dangerous weapons. A heavy special tax is to be placed on those now owned in the State, the proceeds to go to the public schools. A person convicted of carrying concealed weapons is to be punished by imprisonment.

MR. THURMAN'S famous red bandana handkerchief will be the Democratic oriflamme during the coming political campaign, and on parade-days of the party the streets will doubtless be all aflame with fluttering bandanas. Never before in a Presidential canvass has an eccentricity of the lesser half of the ticket been so instantly seized upon to do service as a party badge.

THE Governor of Kansas has made an interesting innovation in the use of the pardoning power by remitting the sentence of a wife-murderer upon condition that he abstain in future from the use of intoxicating liquor. It seems that it has been held in Iowa that conditions may be annexed to a pardon, and the Attorney-general of Kansas has advised the Governor that the courts of that State will sustain his action.

THE Carnegie coaching party left London last week for their proposed tour of England and Scotland. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, Miss Gail Hamilton, Dr. Eaton and Walter Damrosch, the young conductor, of New York. Quite a large crowd of Americans saw them off. They propose to be absent twenty days, winding up at Cluny Castle, Scotland, which Mr. Carnegie has rented for the season.

LORD SHREWSBURY, the English peer who has been making a fortune as a London cab proprietor, finds that the vehicles bearing his coat-of-arms have become so popular that he cannot attend to the business without assistance. He will, therefore, form the Shrewsbury Cab Company. His success is doubtless owing to the fact that the average Englishman likes to ride in a conveyance which bears a coronet upon its panels.

SEVEN HUNDRED European singing birds are to be imported into Oregon by a society of German colonists, who deplore the absence of songsters in the Great West. Skylarks, bullfinches, nightingales, chaffinches, goldfinches, linnets, greenfinches, thrushes and starlings will form the cargo, and will be let loose in the country immediately on arrival. It is to be hoped that they will not turn out to be such ungrateful immigrants as the sparrow.

THE Eiffel tower in Paris is rising apace, in spite of all rumors to the contrary, and has reached about one-third of its intended height. The proposed strike of the workmen has come to naught, and, indeed, most of the men are remarkably well paid. The tower will be first put to practical use on the coming National Fête Day, July 14th, when fireworks will be let off from the highest point which the structure may then have reached. The other exhibition buildings are also well advanced.

PRINCE RONALD BONAPARTE was a delegate to the International Congress of Anthropology held in New York city last week. He was the recipient of marked attentions, and at one of the sessions presented to the New York Academy of Anthropology copies of his works. One of these was a large and splendidly bound volume of "Les Habitants de Suriname," and the other was a small one concerning the Laplanders. Both volumes are elaborately illustrated and treat of the predominant characteristics of classes of human beings of whom little is generally known.

MAYOR HEWITT is out of politics for the present. In a recent interview he declined to express any opinion as to Mr. Cleveland's renomination, and added: "I do not propose to meddle with politics while I occupy the chair of Mayor. I intend to sit here during office-hours from now until the first of the year and not express an opinion in regard to anything outside of things that directly interest the people of this city and connected with my position as Mayor. I will not take any active part in politics." It is generally understood that Mayor Hewitt would not shed any tears if Mr. Cleveland should fail of re-election.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the author, is described by a fellow-traveler who journeyed in the same car with him to New York as follows: "He has a long, narrow face, and wears his long brown hair parted in the middle and combed back. It is just such straight, coarse hair as General Roger A. Pryor's, but much lighter in color. His black velvet coat and vest showed plainly, and over his legs he wore a black-and-white checked shawl. His Byronic collar was soft and untidy, and his shirt was unlaundered; but his clothes were scrupulously clean. On the long, thin white fingers of his left hand he wore two rings, and he kept these fingers busy, constantly pulling his drooping blonde mustache."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 3d.—In Thomaston, Me., A. P. Gould, a leading lawyer, aged 67 years. JUNE 4th.—In Baltimore, Md., Professor John C. Lederer, a well-known educator, aged 60 years; in London, England, Frederick Vokes, the actor, aged 42 years; in Springfield, Mass., Judge Henry Morris. JUNE 6th.—In New York, Thomas McElrath, Horace Greeley's partner, and the first publisher of the *Tribune*, aged 81 years. JUNE 7th.—In Beverly, Mass., Ezra Baker, President of the American Loan and Trust Co., aged 55 years. JUNE 8th.—In Jamaica Plain, Mass., the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the well-known Unitarian minister and writer, aged 78 years; in Boston, Mass., Lemuel Miles Standish, aged 80 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Emperor of Brazil is reported to be rapidly recovering.

THE French Senate has passed the Panama Lottery Loan Bill.

THE President has signed the Bill appropriating \$80,000,000 for pensions.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has agreed to abolish capital punishment.

THE Richmond *State* of Thursday last was printed on pink paper—a "Bandana Edition."

It will be impossible for Congress to pass all the appropriations before the close of the fiscal year, June 30th.

It is semi-officially stated that England has signed the Suez Canal Convention as modified by the Porte.

THE Harrison Club of Indiana propose to send between 2,000 and 3,000 men to Chicago in behalf of their candidate.

FROM January 1st to June 1st, 1888, 2,371 miles of railroad-track were laid in the United States. This indicates that the total for 1888 will exceed 8,000 miles.

THE Austrian Budget provides for an extraordinary special credit of 47,250,000 florins for the War Department, of which 16,000,000 florins has already been expended.

THREE THOUSAND singers will take part in the Twenty-fifth Annual Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund, which commences at St. Louis on the 13th instant.

SOME of the London and Edinburgh printers, it is said, are already making arrangements for transferring part of their business to New York in consequence of our Copyright Bill.

WHILE the Tammany braves were enjoying themselves at St. Louis last week, their headquarters in New York, Tammany Hall, suffered damage by fire to the amount of \$50,000.

THE 250th anniversary of Exeter, N. H., was celebrated on the 7th instant, when hundreds of former residents and many distinguished persons, including the Governor and his staff, participated in the ceremonies.

THE City of Hull, a suburb of Ottawa, Ontario, was last week visited by a fire which destroyed the City Hall, the Cathedral and other public buildings, with hundreds of dwelling-houses. Two millions is the estimated amount of the loss.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has almost unanimously rejected the bishops' petition to eliminate from the Penal Code Bill the articles imposing penalties for abuses committed by the clergy in the exercise of their functions.

THERE are now 302 schools and departments under the supervision of the Board of Education in New York city, with an average attendance of nearly 155,000 pupils, while the whole number of pupils taught in the past year was over 306,000.

MAYOR SHAKESPEARE of New Orleans has discovered, as the result of a single day's investigation, that 853 persons—bankers, brokers, lawyers, etc.—are doing business without paying license fees, while the city has not money in its treasury to pay current expenses.

THE whole line of the Nicaragua Canal has been located, including complete and thorough surveys of the two possible locations on the east end known as "the lower route," surveyed by Commander Lull in 1872-73, and "the upper route," surveyed by Mr. Menocal in 1885.

THE giant of all guns is in process of construction. Krupp's works are making a 130-ton gun for the Italian ironclad *Sardagna*. It will be 52½ feet long, with a bore of 15.7 inches. It will fire a steel shell of 1,630 pounds with an initial velocity of 2,411 feet per second, or one of 2,314 pounds at 2,099 feet per second.

THE steamship *Etruria*, which arrived at New York on the 2d inst., made the passage from Queenstown in 6 days, 1 hour and 55 minutes. This beats the record about 3 hours, and is, indeed, a wonderful performance. On one day the *Etruria* ran 503 knots, which is equivalent to an average speed of 24 miles per hour.

T. HARRISON GARRETT, the Baltimore banker, and brother of Robert Garrett, ex-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was drowned from his yacht on the night of June 7th in a collision with the steamer *Joppa* on the Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Garrett was a man of large wealth and noted for his deeds of charity and love of art.

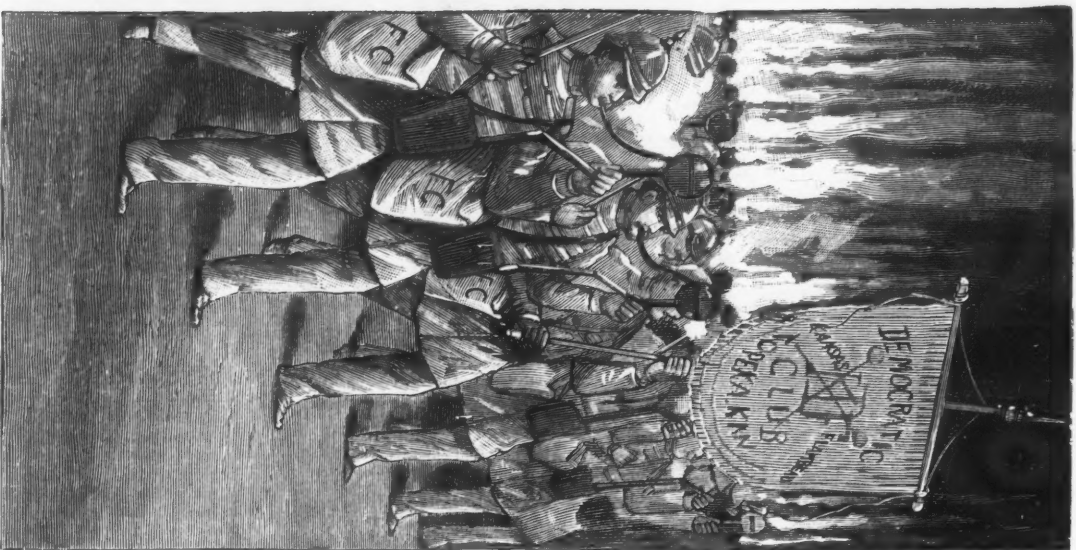
MR. CHANDLER has introduced in the United States Senate a Bill amending the Retaliation Act of last year, so as to make it mandatory upon the President to act when the Canadian Government has placed any undue restriction upon American fishermen, fishing-vessels, etc. The Bill further amends by striking out the words "or any other product of said Dominions, or other goods coming from the said Dominions to the United States," thereby confining the retaliation provisions of the Act to fish.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has proposed an amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular Bill to appropriate \$25,000 for salaries and expenses of a scientific commission of three persons—to consist of one officer of the army or navy, a geologist and mineralogist, and a naturalist—to visit and report upon the commercial resources of the Upper Congo basin—its products, its minerals, its vegetable wealth, the openings for American trade, and such other information as shall be thought of interest to the United States. He has also proposed an amendment to the Bill to appropriate \$10,000 for salary and expenses of an Agent and Consul-general at Boma, in Congo.

GENERAL BOULANGER has sustained his first reverse in the French Chamber of Deputies. On the 4th instant he moved for the revision of the Constitution and dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and made a sensational speech amid tremendous uproar. M. Floquet replied with great vigor, charging Boulanger with promulgating a manifesto of Neo-Cesarism and with giving utterance to projects for the future, wherein the glory of Boulanger was the only thing discerned. The General's motion was rejected by a vote of 377 to 186, and the Chamber resolved, by a vote of 335 to 170, that the speech of M. Floquet should be placarded publicly throughout France. M. Clemenceau, in closing the debate, said he would support the Government. It was not a revision of the Constitution that was at stake. Such revision would not be made any the sooner whether urgency was voted or not. Republicans unanimously demanded a revision, but were willing to wait until the Government deemed the time opportune.



AFTER THE NOMINATION—A SCENE OF WILD EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM.



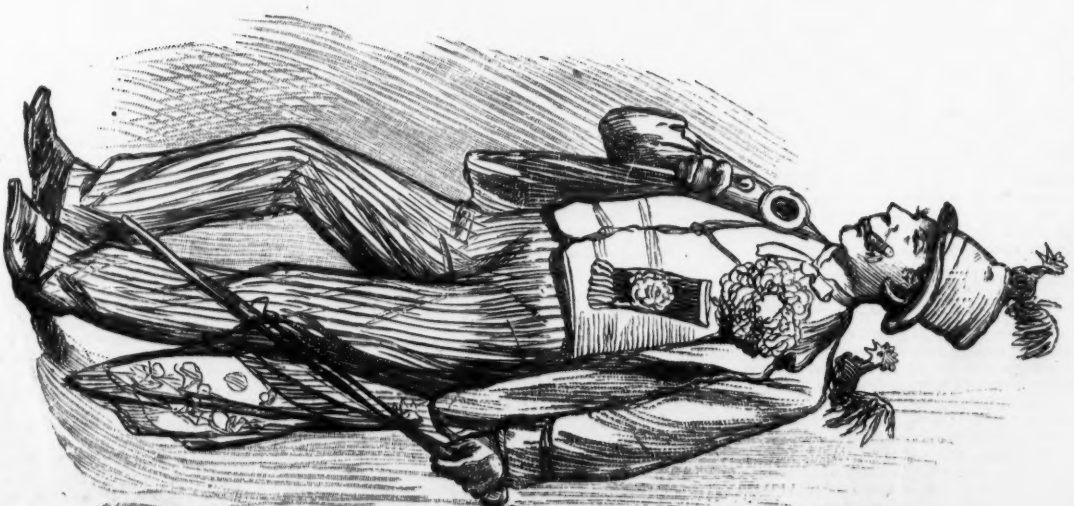
THE TOPEKA (KANSAS) CLUB WITH FLASH FLAMBEAUX.



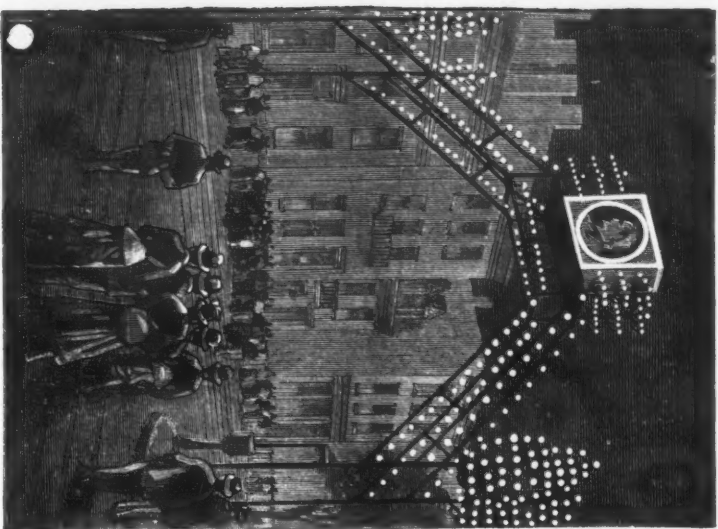
THE RED BANDANA DEMONSTRATION.

MISSOURI.—THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS—DEMONSTRATION IN THE CONVENTION AT THE MOMENT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S RENOMINATION—OTHER SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

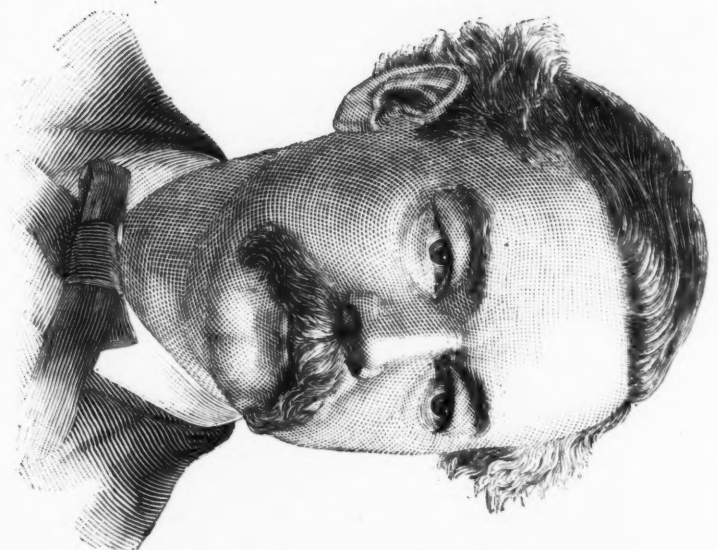
FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 278.



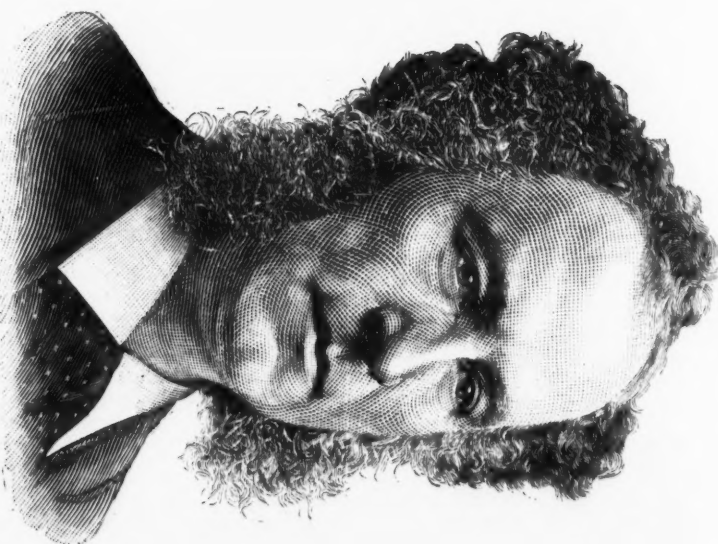
TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.



ARCH AT OLIVE AND FOURTH STREETS.



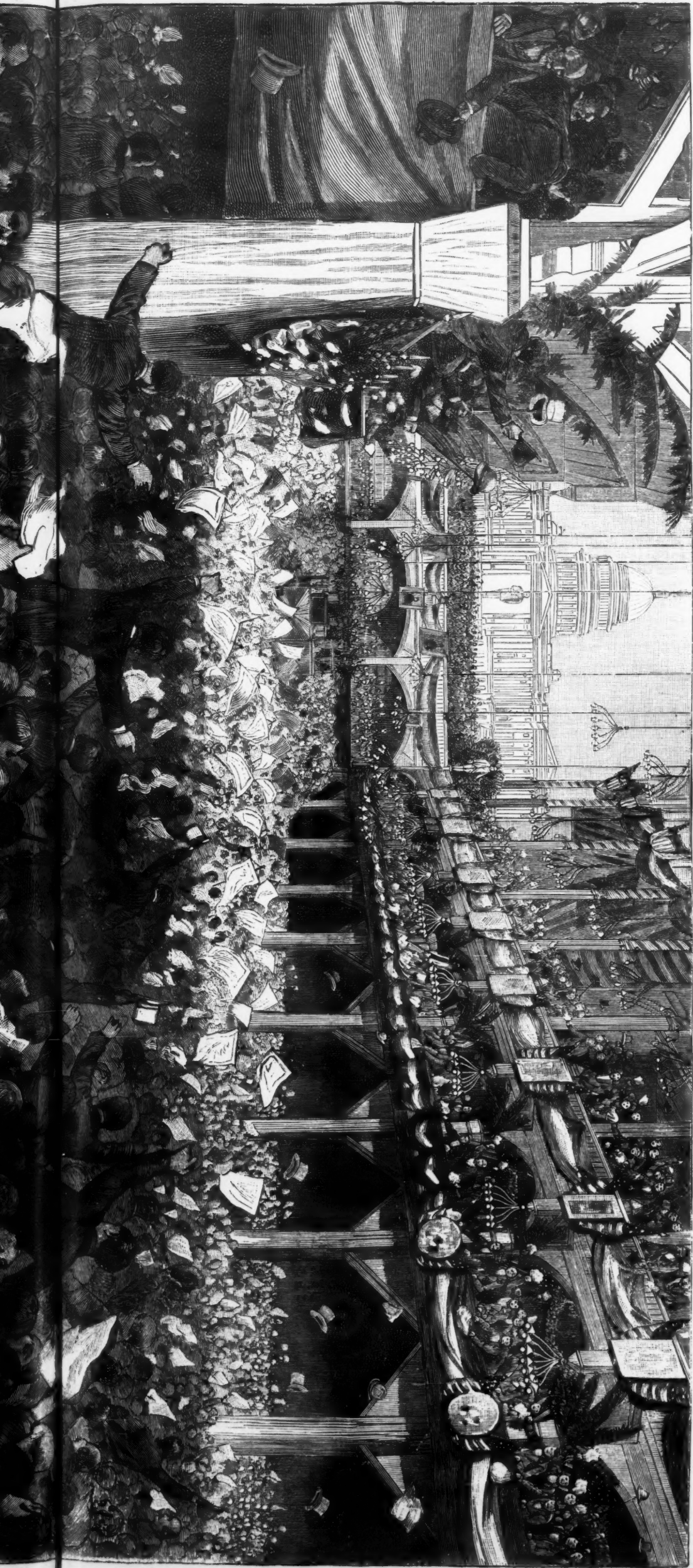
HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS, CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.



HON. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, WHO NOMINATED MR. CLEVELAND.



ARCH ON OLIVE STREET.



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BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE CAPTAIN GOES TOO FAR.

THE encounter, in spite of the agony Hulda suffered, went on in all its varying phases as the two strong men contended for the mastery as knights of old fought, each moved by similar passions of love and hate. Mimic blade against mimic blade, with cut, guard and point, the guard being all on Rob Black's side, while, as the spectators gazed at this mock gladiatorial exhibition, they showed that human nature was the same then as two thousand years before, and rapturously applauded every whistling blow which Miller got home.

According to any rule, the encounter ought to have been over, but the scene was so exciting that neither judges nor colonel thought of crying, "Hold: enough!" Anything that was wanting the imagination supplied, and for the time being they seemed to be gazing at a couple of accomplished swordsmen well mounted and engaged in a deadly encounter, in which one tried every ruse to overcome his adversary, while the latter strove to defend himself from the desperate assault.

They wheeled and backed their horses, which flinched and started as they received blow after blow. Now they approached the principal group; now the excitement of the fray took them to a distance, Rob's fiery horse becoming almost unmanageable at times as Miller dealt it a cowardly blow with the hope of getting his opponent unhorsed.

No word was spoken, but, with pale faces, starting eyes, and set teeth, the two men fought on, the ash sticks cracking as blow succeeded blow, while a succession of whistling noises mingled with the panting breath.

"Pray stop it now," whispered Lady Cope. "Not for the world, my dear," whispered back the colonel. "Look, even Hulda is carried away by the scene. By George! it's magnificent; only that fellow Black—well named, confound him—is behaving like a cur."

Hulda winced again, but she did not take her eyes from the scene before her, one which fascinated her, and Lady Cope shuddered as she saw the intensity of her expression, her pallid lips, and the strong panting heave of her bosom, as the varying changes of the encounter went on.

The plaudits were tremendous, and mingled with shouts of encouragement from the spectators, the soldiers joining in with the civilians till the sounds were echoed back from the barracks-walls.

"Confound him! He is a cur after all," said Sir Philip, in a low, angry voice, but sufficiently loud for Hulda to hear; "and I believed so in that lad."

"Why doesn't he turn upon him? Why doesn't he turn upon him?" Hulda's heart kept saying, as it throbbed violently; and, as she clasped her hands there was a faint crack, and one delicate lemon glove split right up the back.

"Surely he isn't a coward?" Nelly Dawson whispered, while further away, among the soldiers who were looking on, Sergeant Slack's eyes glistened with delight, and Jack Thompson whispered to Chip Tarn:

"Well, hang me, Chip, I couldn't stand that. The captain's regularly thrashing him;" and the trumpeter's breath came and went with a hoarse sound as if he had been running with all his might.

The encounter had only been one of minutes, and Captain Miller, in his malignant spite, went too far. He had, in the eyes of the crowd, won a complete victory, for Rob, schooling himself to obedience to the instructions given him when he took his single-stick, had without wincing borne savage cut after cut, his light ash rod yielding to the fierce assault of his aggressor, while he set his teeth hard, and told himself that if ever there was a time when he must not lose his temper it must be in these sports in which he was taking part, with the colonel's daughter and gentle-hearted wife looking on.

But Captain Miller went too far. He might have recalled the proverbial saying about the worm turning, but he thought of nothing save the opportunity of soundly thrashing and disgracing before the assembled spectators this insolent upstart who had joined his troop, and in his eagerness he aimed at unhorsing him as well.

But he went too far, and at last, carried away by his fierce hatred, he delivered so unchivalrous and cowardly a blow given with all his might, that Rob Black saw Hulda and then saw blood.

At the same moment the colonel's eyes flashed with resentment, and then with delight. "Hah!" he ejaculated; "at last!"

A roar came from the crowd and a dozen mounted men set spurs to their horses to separate the combatants, for all at once Rob Black was seen to rise in his stirrups, as, maddened by the blows he had received, his horse suddenly, at a moment when they had the vantage-side, seized Miller's charger by the neck, and the pair galloped off, while Rob's strong arm cut down the captain's guard; and he in turn delivered some dozen keen cuts, so true, so nervous, and with such effect, that between the pain and the plunging of his horse the captain dropped his weapon, and was within an ace of being unhorsed.

There was no need for the combatants to be separated now. Captain Miller's charger did that

duty, making straight for the stables, amidst a roar of laughter that maddened the rider, for the spectators looked on it as an ignominious flight; and he had the satisfaction of seeing Rob Black canter coolly up to the front of the marquee, salute amidst thunders of applause, and then return to his place.

"I am glad, Hulda," cried Sir Philip, with flashing eyes. "Eh, what—not well?"

"Mamma and I would like to retire now, papa, dear," said the girl, in a trembling voice. "But you will come back if you can," he said; and then he forgot all about them amidst the buzz of conversation and the compliments of the friends around.

"Splendid, Sir Philip, splendid!" came from all sides.

"Yes," he said, with a curiously comical look of perplexity in his countenance; "but a little too real."

"Oh, dear, no!" said the most aristocratic lady present. "Not at all."

"Rob Black," whispered a voice in his ear; "it was glorious."

Rob turned, with his face clouded over. "No, Chip, my lad; he hit me so hard that I lost my temper."

"Rob, me lad," said a voice on the other side, "if I shake hands with you now, Slack'll think I'm siding against him; but, look here, me dear boy: you're the bravest lad I've ever enlisted. I haven't anything to lave, but my will's in your favor, mind that."

"Thankye, sergeant," said Rob, smiling.

"That was spoken as a man," said the sergeant; "but here's Slack coming, and I must spake now as your officer; and bedad, sor, I'm thinking ye've made a mistake to hit your kysaptain like that."

"A mistake," echoed Sergeant Slack, with an unpleasant-looking grin. "Oh, no, not at all; Mr. Private Black will find that he has won a prize!"

Rob made no answer until he had rolled up his sleeve to the shoulder, and displayed his arm scored with black weals from the wrists upwards.

"You mean that I have won my stripes, sergeant," he said.

"Yes, sir; only they should be on your back."

"Bedad, and he's got 'em there, too, Shlack, me boy."

"Yes," said Rob to himself, "so has the captain; and then, 'I seem doomed to make that man my enemy. Ah, Dick! you here?'"

"Yes, my lad; I've been seeing it all through."

"Then you saw me lose my temper?"

"I saw you bear blows which made me wonder whether you were your father's son and the boy I taught to ride and fight. Why didn't you give as good as he sent?"

"I did, Dick, at last," said Rob, slowly; "I made my mark upon him in a way he will never forget."

"No, Rob Black," said Chip, sadly; "nor yet forgive."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—SEEING THE COLONEL.

THERE is generally a dull sensation of reaction after sports and pastimes. The highest forms of exhilaration are followed by moments of deep depression, and the next day after the triumphs and failures at the military athletic meeting being dolefully wet, the reverse was complete.

One day all brightness and gayety, the next gloom, despondency, and the town full of sinister reports consequent upon the rumor of sundry serious strikes and lockouts in the neighboring manufacturing towns having extended to Moreton, and there being a possibility of riotous proceedings in the town.

At the barracks there were men elate with triumph and prizes won, and there were those sore with stripes, defeat and disappointment, often in connection with losses in the shape of bets, blood and skin.

One man suffered horribly in this way, especially as his *amour propre* was wounded as well as his body.

Another man was smarting from the numerous weals and bruises he had received, and though he had the anodynes of success and the chief prize, he still suffered.

These two last men were Captain Miller and Rob Black.

"But you know, old chap," said Hesselton, as he sat in his friend's quarters, evidently finding the arm of an easy-chair better than the seat—"you know, old chap, it was all fair—a case of give and take—and you see you got the worst of it."

"I know you'll get the worst of it," snarled Miller, "if you don't mind what you're about."

"Well, old chap, I think I always do," said Hesselton, taking his cigar from his lips to carefully examine the ash.

"You don't suppose I'm going to sit down quietly under this, do you?"

"What! being regularly thrashed before all the company?" said Hesselton, with an unruffled countenance.

Miller turned in his seat, and glared savagely at his companion.

"Look here, young man!" he cried. "Is that meant for a sneer or an insult, or are you really a fool?"

"I suppose I am really a fool," said Hesselton, mildly.

"Then, look here, I'm going to have that scoundrel taught what are the consequences of making a savage attack like that upon an English officer."

"But, I say, old chap, you did give it to him first. I don't think I could have stood it without turning upon you."

"Hold your tongue! Are you mad?"

"You thrashed him till you made him mad, old chap."

"Curse him! I wish it had been a sword instead of that miserable single-stick. I'd have run him through, as I'm a living soul."

"Oh, come, I say, Miller. They were athletic sports, you know."

"Hang him! I'd cut him to pieces with all the pleasure in life."

"Here, you want some cooling lotion. Let me fetch Granton."

"Hold your tongue and listen. That was a spiteful, savage attack made upon me. You've often seen how the scoundrelly cur has shown his teeth at me."

"Well, I have heard him answer you a bit sharply."

"Yes; and now I am going to give him a lesson."

"What are you going to do?"

"Have him taught better. I'm going to the colonel."

"Eh? What for?"

"And you are going with me to bear witness to the many times he has given me covert looks and silent threats. You've seen him—that's enough."

"Well, really, old chap—"

"You heard what I said. Now don't make a fool of yourself, unless you want to side with the men, and be sent to Coventry by the mess. Do you want that?"

"Why, no; of course not, Miller. But really you know, I think—"

Hesselton spoke very feebly, and Miller finished his sentence.

"You think that Black behaved like a black-guard. Now I'm going to finish dressing, and then you'll come on to the colonel with me."

He went into the bedroom, limping slightly, for the muscles of one leg were contracted from the blows he had received, and as soon as he was out of sight, Hesselton's countenance changed, and he lay down in the chair, his legs over one arm, and his back against the other, and laughed till he shook all over and the tears came to his eyes.

Then he became preternaturally solemn, for a sharp cough came from the bedroom; but as the captain did not appear, Hesselton gave way to his mirth again, and laughed silently till he became purple in the face.

He composed himself on the instant, though, as he heard another cough, and the sharp click of ewer against basin.

It was a false alarm, though, and once more he shook with suppressed glee.

"What a thrashing!" he whispered. "What a thrashing! Poor beggar! He has had a dose; and I'm so sorry I can hardly bear it—that I am."

He wiped his eyes, rose, cleared his throat loudly, and re-lit his cigar, frowning, and looking tremendously solemn till he caught sight of himself in the glass over the chimney, when, seeing the twinkle in his eyes, he was about to explode again, but the door was opened, and he emitted a cloud of smoke, under cover of which he reduced his facial muscles to their ordinary state, and his aspect to its regular good-looking inanity before meeting his friend's eyes.

"Now, then, let's go on," said Miller; and they stalked out side by side.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Hesselton. "Look, there's Miss Cope just off for a drive. Come along. Double."

He set off at the familiar military trot towards the colonel's gate, at which stood the pony carriage, while Dick White was standing at the ponies' heads, and Hulda and Lady Cope on their way down the path.

Miller did not "double."

Under his stern, mask-like aspect, he was hiding the intense pain he felt, even in walking gently by his friend's side. This effort alone made him feel sick, and he knew that if he increased his pace the motion would produce torture. So he walked slowly on, grinding his teeth with rage and suffering, while Hesselton made his way to the side of the gate, and had the pleasure of handing the ladies into the carriage; but they made no effort to prolong the conversation, and Miller had the satisfaction of seeing that his friend had gained very little by his move.

Hulda whipped up the ponies sharply, and did not turn her head as she drove rapidly off.

"She must have seen me," muttered Miller; "but never mind. My memory is very good, Miss Hulda Cope, and some of these days I shall get out of your debt over all these little transactions."

By the time he reached the colonel's, Hulda had disappeared through the barrack-gates, and as the two officers now reached the colonel's door, Miller winced as he fancied he read a malicious look of pleasure in Nelly Dawson's countenance.

They were shown into the library, where Sir Philip was seated, going over some dispatches.

"Ha! Miller. Morning Hesselton. I wanted to see you."

"About Private Black, colonel?" said Miller, eagerly.

"About Private Black? No. What's the matter? An accident with that restive bay?"

"No, no," said Miller, hastily. "I thought you meant about yesterday's proceedings."

"Yesterday's proceedings? No. I say, Miller, though, you caught a tartar there."

"Really, Sir Philip," said the captain, coldly, "I did not think you would take the matter in that light."

"Why, my dear Miller, in what light would you have me take it? It was a fair fight, and you were honestly beaten."

"Beaten? Yes; savagely."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Why, Hesselton or I would have taken it without a murmur. Eh, Hesselton?"

"Of course, colonel," said the lieutenant, heartily; and then he turned uncomfortably as he saw his friend's eye fixed upon him in a very unsatisfactory way.

"There!" cried Sir Philip. "Look here, my dear Miller; you feel a little sore with your defeat, and a few of the cracks you received yesterday."

"I feel, Sir Philip Cope, as if I had been the

victim of a dastardly outrage inflicted upon me by a scoundrel who has for months past been ready to turn and snap at me."

"Oh! do you?" said Sir Philip, coolly.

"And I have come, sir, to ask that this case may be examined into, and the man who had been waiting his opportunity, and who seized it to assault me in this savage way, duly punished."

"No, my dear Miller; be calm, and try to forget the smartings mental and bodily. I'm afraid I ought to have interfered and stopped both; but look at the case as between man and man, and tell me how I can possibly do what you ask."

"I demand it, sir."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! You are angry now. I saw it all, and it was a case of give and take. I'll be bound to say Private Black can show two marks to your one."

"I don't care what he can show, sir: I demand an inquiry."

"Absurd, my dear boy. Wait a few days, and then come to see me again."

"Yes; do, old chap," said Hesselton, good-temperedly.

Miller gave him a look which silenced him; and then turned to Sir Philip again.

"I demand this, sir, as a right. I tell you the man has been obstinate and bent upon annoying me ever since he entered the troop. His bitterness culminated yesterday in his assault upon me, and I say if he be not duly punished and made an example, we shall have mutiny in the regiment."

"My dear Miller," said Sir Philip, still good-humoredly, "take my advice and go back to your quarters. You are very sore now, but all this will work off, and you will see, as Hesselton and Granton and I do, that you had no cause to complain, but rather cause to congratulate yourself that we have such men as Private Black in the regiment."

"Ah!" ejaculated Miller.

"As I watched that single-stick play yesterday, I could not help thinking what fellows you would be in a *mêlée* with the Sikhs or Afghans, and wishing I had a couple of hundred Private Blacks to join the regiment."

"Do I understand, sir, that you side with this man?" said Miller, with a provoking coolness.

"My dear Miller, you are getting out of temper."

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I merely ask you whether you take this man's part."

"Good Heavens! No, sir!" cried Sir Philip, beginning to bristle, "I take nobody's part. The encounter was, to my mind, perfectly fair. You got the worst of it, and lost the prize. Well, bear it like a man."

"My bearing it like a man has, I apprehend, nothing to do with the matter, sir," said Miller, in a cold, exasperating manner. "What I ask you is, will you have this matter inquired into in connection with the fellow's previous conduct towards me, and the man punished?"

"Certainly not, sir," said the colonel, who was now thoroughly roused; "and allow me to say, Captain Miller, that I allow no dictation as to my conduct towards my men from anybody but the officials at the War Office."

"You have always sided with this man, and—"

"Silence, sir! And look here," cried the colonel, fiercely, "if matters do not soon take a different turn, you will have work to do that will keep us all from troubling over a petty upset at some athletic sports. I have had dispatches this morning," he continued, turning to Hesselton, "which bid me be ready to—"

"Ordered abroad, colonel?" said the lieutenant, eagerly.

"No, my lad, worse luck—be ready to be called out against the mob. It's despicable work, and it's not fit for soldiers; but the Thirtieth Light Dragoons and the Twelfth Heavies have had some lively work in the Midlands. There, that will do. You'll excuse me. I've several letters to write. Sorry I spoke so sharply to you, Miller, but you are out of temper and sore, and do not quite know what you say. Punish a man for defending himself when you were hitting him with all your might? Good heavens, man! you must be mad."

"I am, Hesselton—devilish mad," said Miller, as they walked back to quarters; "mad with myself for going to that old—"

Hesselton looked up sharply.

"For going to the colonel. Mad at having to suffer this insulting treatment from one of the men of my own troop; but if I do not have a thorough revenge for all this—if I do not make this scoundrel writhe twenty times for every single injury he has done me, my name is not Miller and I do not hold a commission in the service."

"Oh, come, Miller, old fellow."

"Yes, I'm calming down now. I can wait—wait patiently; and by-and-by I shall have my opportunity, no doubt. Yes, mark my words, old fellow, I can wait. There, I've no more to say."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Hesselton, with an involuntary shudder. "I shouldn't like to offend Miller very deeply."

He was standing thoughtfully in his own room after parting from his friend.

"But I can't help it," he said. "I must go on. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' I'm brave enough, I think; but it will be deuced unpleasant if he picks a quarrel with me, and we have to fight. I should have to fight, too. Shouldn't want to. Hate fighting, in fact, unless I'm warmed up. Then it would be for Hulda, so I should have to warm myself up. But it's a great nuisance when a man will quarrel with you. Yes," he added, after a pause, "I suppose I should have to fight."

CHAPTER XXIX.—WHERE THE CIGARS WENT.

NOW for a quiet cigar, and no more bother," said Sir Philip Cope. "Hulda, my child, take your mother away."

"Take me away?" said Lady Cope, mildly.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to smoke one of those strong cigars which always make you cough, for

one reason. For another, a man's study is his castle, and no place for womankind."

"I will go away if I find the smoke affect my throat," said Lady Cope, smiling.

"No; the other box, my dear. Yes; that one." Hulda took down the box from the shelf where a few books had been displaced in its favor, and placed the cigars on the little table by the colonel's side.

"I always pity you women, who have no such solace as this."

"We enjoy the solace by reflection," said Hulda, smiling, as she took a spill from the mantelpiece.

"Then you had better come and enjoy it a little more often, my child, for you looked harassed and worried, and not half so well as you should."

Hulda colored, and then turned a little paler than was her wont.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Sir Philip.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Lady Cope.

"If there is any one thing I hate, it is suspecting the servants and keeping things under lock and key."

"Have you lost something?"

"Lost? Well, I could take my oath I have hardly smoked a dozen of these cigars, and there are fifty gone if there is one. I have it!"

"Where they are gone, papa?"

"Yes. I saw White smoking a cigar outside, the other night, and I thought at the time it was a good one."

"I gave him that one, dear," said Lady Cope, quietly.

"You gave it to him?"

"Yes, dear; the poor fellow looked tired and worried, and you had been very cross about some trouble in the regiment, and I thought it would be kind."

"Kind? Yes. But be kind next time, my dear, with half an ounce of tobacco. You have given him a taste for my cigars and a lot of them have gone."

"I don't think White would take them, papa," said Hulda, smiling, and glancing in an amused way at Lady Cope, who shook her head.

"Then it must have been Nelly. The cigars are gone."

"It was not Nelly, my dear, but I," said her ladyship, quietly.

Sir Philip let the cigar he was lighting sink down in company with the burning piece of folded paper.

"You, my dear? Good Heavens! Have you begun to smoke? Here, Hulda, give mamma one of the best!"

"Don't be absurd, dear," said Lady Cope, smiling at him pleasantly. "I often take a handful from one of the boxes."

"And here have I been leading a fiendish life with my conscience, which has been always reproaching me for my extravagance with my cigar-bill. I have thought for months past that they went very fast. But why do you take them?"

"To give to the men, my dear."

"To the men?"

"Yes; they appreciate them so thoroughly."

"Oh, indeed!" said Sir Philip, sarcastically.

"Yes; their pay is so small that they can only afford a little of that common tobacco, and a good cigar is a great treat."

"Yes, dear, it is," said Sir Philip, giving his eye a curious cock at Hulda, who was laughing, but who became peculiarly agitated as Lady Cope went on.

"Some of the men have been very well brought up, and I like to see their faces light with pleasure when I give them a good cigar."

"One of mine."

"Of ours, dear. There is that young private, Robert Black."

Hulda's brow wrinkled slightly.

"I often give him one, and it is a pleasure to see his appreciation of the trifling gift."

"I suppose so," said Sir Philip, dryly. "Likes a good brand, I suppose."

"Do not be annoyed, dear," said Lady Cope, rising and going to his side to lay her hand upon his shoulder; "what is the cost of a few cigars to us? And I like to see the men's faces light up when I come."

"And then, if I were there," said Sir Philip, dryly, "I suppose I should see my cigars light up. There's no disguising the fact, Milly, you are spoiling the men, and if ever we do go to war and come into action, I shall have a set of useless fellows at my back."

"Do not talk about war, dear," said Lady Cope, with a shudder. "You are a soldier, but I have no love for glory."

"Well, I suppose I am to say nothing more about the cigars."

"Please, no, dear."

"Are you likely to see this Mr. Rob Black shortly?"

"I dare say I shall see him the next time I go round the barracks, dear. But why?"

"Only give my compliments to him."

"Yes, dear," said Lady Cope, simply, as Hulda crossed to another table and began altering the position of some books.

"And ask him if there is any special brand of cigars he prefers."

"My dear Phil!" whispered Lady Cope, reproachfully.

"And at the same time try and find out whether he has any special taste in Hooks or Burgundies. He seems to be a particularly nice young man."

"Phil!"

"And I should like to have one troop in my regiment made up of Rob Blacks."

"My dear, you are teasing me unmercifully," whispered Lady Cope.

"The Black Guards, we might call them; only they are lancers."

Hulda dropped a book, but it was not heeded.

"Only it would be too expensive a taste for me to gratify, if they all wanted cigars and wine."

Hulda, my dear, I hope you do not countenance mamma's wild dissipation. Why, my dear child, are you ill?"

"Ill? No, papa, dear," cried Hulda, speaking hastily, and smiling as she came up and stood at the colonel's other shoulder, where she rested her arm, so as to hide her troubled face.

"Because we must not have you ill, my darling. That will not do," said Sir Philip, taking her hand to hold it against his cheek.

"I am quite well, indeed," said the girl, hastily.

"How soon are we going for a walk, mamma?"

"At once, I think."

"To distribute some more of my cigars?"

"Hush!—Hush!—Hush!" said Lady Cope, playfully. "Go and get ready, my dear. I will follow you directly."

"Hullo!" cried the colonel, glancing towards the window; "talk of the angels, as they say, and here they are. That is my principal cigar-smoker, if I am not mistaken, with a dispatch."

Hulda hurried to the door to escape an encounter which she dreaded; but she was too late.

(To be continued.)

A GARIBALDI MEMORIAL.

THE Italians of New York have honored the memory of the patriot, warrior and liberator, Garibaldi, by the erection of a monument, costing \$10,000, in Washington Square. The movement for the erection of a monument was started by Carlo Barsotti, proprietor of *Il Progresso Italiano-Americano*, and the subscriptions to the fund have come from all classes of the Italian population. The unveiling of the monument on the 4th inst. was made the occasion of a great demonstration of the Italian military and civic organizations of this and neighboring cities. Early in the day a large concourse of Italian citizens and others assembled at Washington Square, and were entertained by several bands until the regular exercises commenced. At eleven o'clock Signor V. Polidori, president of the committee having the erection of the statue in charge, made the opening speech, and then Carlo Barsotti, treasurer of the committee, presented the monument to the city. Mayor Hewitt accepted it with a few words of thanks, and immediately the flag valing the statue was drawn, thirty bands broke forth in unison and the crowd cheered. Mayor Hewitt then spoke. He coupled the names of Washington and Lincoln with that of Garibaldi as the preservers of the freedom of their native countries.

Professor Vincenzo Botta paid a beautiful tribute to the patriot and hero. Addresses were also made by General Daniel E. Sickles and L. Roversi, editor of *Il Progresso Italiano-Americano*. After the speeches, Mayor Hewitt, the Italian Minister, other authorities and honorary members of the Garibaldi Committee reviewed the Italian military and civic societies, Grand Army of the Republic posts, French societies and other bodies as they marched past the grand stand.

The statue, which faces southwest, is 21 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 19,000 pounds. It represents Garibaldi dressed in his familiar uniform, with a soldier's short cloak wrapped about him, with one foot advanced, looking eagerly forward and in the act of drawing his sword.

THE PENOBSCOT'S HISTORIC SHORES.

IT may reasonably be suspected that the romantic histories which should enhance the interest of many frequented points along New England's rock-bound coast are unheeded if not unknown to a large proportion of the visitors who do not stint their admiration of the natural beauties of these resorts. The pretty village of Castine, on its narrow peninsula projecting into the Penobscot Bay, where the Portland boats touch on their trips to and from Bar Harbor, is to-day surrounded with historic relics, to each of which hangs a tale of the "good old colony times." Castine has had no less than five different national occupations, and as many naval battles have been fought in its harbor. The peninsula, which was named Pentagoet, was a trading-post of the Plymouth Company, and the Puritans built a fort there as early as 1626. Later it was the principal scene of the feudal wars between D'Aulney, whom Richelieu had sent with a fleet to recover Acadia, and La Tour, his Huguenot rival. The Dutch seized the peninsula in 1674. Previous to this time, the Baron de St. Castin came from France to Pentagoet as a Catholic missionary, and married into the Tarratine tribe of Indians. He became the enemy of the Massachusetts colony when Sir Edmund Andros, with the *Rose frigate*, plundered the Penobscot settlement in 1688. After living here as a feudal chief for thirty years, St. Castin returned to France, leaving his son chief of the Penobscot tribes. Lincal descendants of the St. Castins governed the Tarratines down to the middle of the present century. The New Englanders settled at Castine in 1760, and in 1770 it was fortified by 650 British soldiers. Massachusetts sent a powerful force against the place, which, after losing 100 men in two unsuccessful efforts, finally landed and opened batteries. A few days later, 7 British frigates with 204 guns entered the bay, broke up the American fleet, chased the ships among the islands and up the river, and captured or destroyed every one. The army straggled off to the Kennebec settlements, and Commodore Saltonstall was cashiered for the worst defeat ever suffered by Americans on the sea. The British held Castine from 1779 to 1783, and seized it again during the War of 1812. To-day it is a well-built, prosperous New England town, its chief industries being fishing, shipbuilding and coasting. Mr. Hyde's sketches depict the remains of St. Castin's fort as they appear to-day, the comparatively well-preserved English Fort George and the American Fort Madison, which served as a defense in 1812.

HORACE GREELEY'S EXTRAORDINARY LETTER.

THE following remarkable letter was written by Horace Greeley to President Lincoln after the battle of Bull Run, and is printed for the first time in the *June Century*. It will be remembered that before the battle Mr. Greeley had kept a standing headline in his paper—urging the armies "Forward to Richmond—Forward to Richmond."

"NEW YORK, Monday, July 29th, 1861.

"Midnight."

"DEAR SIR: This is my seventh sleepless night—yours, too, doubtless—yet I think I shall not die, because I have no right to die. I must struggle to live, however bitterly. But to business. You are not considered a great man, and I am a hopelessly

broken one. You are now undergoing a terrible ordeal, and God has thrown the gravest responsibilities upon you. Do not fear to meet them. Can the rebels be beaten after all that has occurred, and in view of the actual state of feeling caused by our late awful disaster? If they can—and it is your business to ascertain and decide—write me that such is your judgment, so that I may know and do my duty. And if they can not be beaten—if our recent disaster is fatal—do not fear to sacrifice yourself to your country. If the rebels are not to be beaten—if that is your judgment in view of all the light you can get—then every drop of blood henceforth shed in this quarrel will be wantonly, wickedly shed, and the guilt will rest heavily on the soul of every promoter of the crime. I pray you to decide quickly and let me know my duty. "If the Union is irrevocably gone, an armistice for 30, 60, 90, 120 days—better still, for a year—ought at once to be proposed, with a view to a peaceful adjustment. Then Congress should call a national convention, to meet the earliest possible day. And there should be an immediate and mutual exchange or release of prisoners and a disbandment of forces. I do not consider myself at present a judge of anything but the public sentiment. That seems to me everywhere gathering and deepening against a prosecution of the war. The gloom in this city is funereal—for our dead at Bull Run were many, and they lie unburied yet. On every brow sits sullen, scorching, black despair. It would be easy to have Mr. Crittenden move any proposition that ought to be adopted, or to have it come from any proper quarter. The first point is to ascertain what is best that can be done—which is the measure of our duty, and do that very thing at the earliest moment."

"This letter is written in the strictest confidence, and is for your eye alone. But you are at liberty to say to members of your Cabinet that you know I will second any move you may see fit to make. But do nothing timidly nor by halves. Send me word what to do. I will live till I can hear it, at all events. If it is best for the country and for mankind that we make peace with the rebels at once and on their own terms, do not shrink even from that. But bear in mind the greatest truth: 'Who would lose his life for my sake shall save it.' Do the thing that is the highest right, and tell me how I am to second you."

"Yours, in the depths of bitterness,

"HORACE GREELEY."

Of this letter, Mr. Samuel Sinclair, one of Mr. Greeley's trusted friends, writes to the *Tribune*: "When that letter was written Mr. Greeley had been, and was still, severely ill with brain fever; the entire letter, in my judgment, revealed that he was on the verge of insanity when he wrote it, and Lincoln must have estimated it at its proper value. As appears on its face, the letter was written to Lincoln in the strictest confidence, for his eye alone, and is it not doubtful whether Messrs. Hay and Nicolay are justified in now bringing it before the world, with all the internal evidence that the writer of it was of unsound mind when he wrote it?"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DR. J. J. CHISOLM, of Baltimore, recently performed the operation of transferring a rabbit's eye to a man's head, in the presence of a large number of physicians. The patient had been blind for many years. A piece of the blind eye was cut out by using a very sharp circular punch, driven by clockwork. With the same instrument a duplicate piece was taken from the sound eye of a living rabbit. The clear patch fitted accurately into the hole made in the man's eye. The operation was made painless by the use of cocaine. The best results are expected.

ITALIAN archaeologists who for some time have been at work uncovering the ancient Greek city of Sybaris, in Italy, have lighted upon evidences of a more ancient city upon which Sybaris was built. The necropolis is in an undisturbed state, and adds strong evidence to the belief in a high Italian civilization prior to the Etruscan, and contemporaneous with the building of the Pyramids. Italian scientists locate its decline at 1000 B. C., and believe that it was the real author of the tombs and prehistoric walls which exist all over Italy where there are signs of Etruscan habitation. A report is shortly to be issued under the auspices of the Italian Government which is claimed to be a complete demonstration of pre-Etruscan civilization.

In a recent work by Professor Burggraave, of Ghent, the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the great regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human longevity largely depends. Among the interesting facts recited by Professor Burggraave is that about the end of the last century a terrible epidemic, bearing some analogy to scurvy, broke out in Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the Government ordered an inquiry into its nature and course. The result was the establishment of a singular fact, viz., that miners, although reduced to the same misery as other workmen, remained with their families completely exempt from the malady. The diet of the miners differed from the others only in one point, viz., that being employed by the State, they were supplied with salt gratuitously. Salt was then prescribed as a curative measure, and the epidemic disappeared.

RECENT explorations in Spain by two Belgian scientists have resulted in some very interesting discoveries. Relics of a prehistoric race have been found in great abundance, ranging from the stone age to that of bronze and metals. These people buried their dead not only in stone graves, or cells, but also in great jars of burnt clay, accompanied by pieces of pottery and other articles of use and value. This form of jar burials is very widespread, and examples have been found from Japan to Peru. These relics are supposed to belong to that ancient race which lived in Europe previous to the Aryan immigration, the various branches of which are known as Iberians, Pelasgians, Ligurians, etc., according to the country in which they lived. Several skeletons were found adorned with silver and gold ornaments. One of the most remarkable relics is a female skull encircled by a band of silver, to which is attached a thin plate of the same metal.

An application has been filed by a New York civil engineer for a patent for a locomotive and tender, designed for making faster time than has ever been made in this or any other country. The boiler is rectangular in shape, having a large and permanent area of evaporating surface, supported by a great extent of heating surface, the pressure to be carried being 210 pounds per inch, which is but one-third of the bursting pressure at its weakest points. The cylinders are in the rear of, instead of between, the truck-wheels, and the fire-box is supported between the centre of gravity of the driving-wheels. All the combinations of parts are in exact harmony. It is intended easily to make the time of sixty miles an hour, with ten coaches. The maximum speed is to be ninety-five miles an hour. This gain in performance over the present machine is obtained by a mathematical construction with reference to the distance between rail-centres upon which it is supported.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

COUNT ARCO VALLE, the new German Minister, has arrived in Washington.

THE Democratic State ticket in Arkansas is headed by John P. Eagle for Governor.

It is proposed to place a bust of Mr. Matthew Arnold in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

EX-SECRETARY ROBERT T. LINCOLN, who recently sailed for Europe, will remain abroad until September.

It is said the Czar will be crowned Emperor of Central Asia to offset Queen Victoria's title as Empress of India.

SENATOR SHERMAN's estate at Mansfield, O., including stocks and other investments, is estimated at \$100,000.

EDWARD BURGESS, the designer of the victorious American yachts, has been appointed by Secretary Fairchild President of the Board of Life-saving Appliances.

THE Mikado of Japan has issued an edict against what he calls "the pernicious game of baseball, which foreigners are attempting to introduce into this country."

A STATUE of John P. Hale is to be erected in the yard of the State House at Concord, N. H. Senator and Mrs. Chandler are taking a leading part in the movement for it.

MRS. LANGTRY now owns 5,000 acres of farmland in Lake County, Cal., and Mr. Frederick Gebhardt is credited with the possession of 3,000 acres more, adjoining.

MR. HENRY VILLARD is about to undertake an expedition to the South Pole. Dr. Neumayer, director of the *Deutsche Seemanns* of Hamburg, will co-operate with him.

ROBERT BROWNING refuses to write for magazines, and recently declined an offer of \$1,000 from a Boston publisher for a short poem. A good thing, we should say, for the magazine.

GOUNOD, the composer, keeps all his juvenile vivacity as well as his youthful looks. To see his round, fat face and bright eye, and hear his merry laugh, you would not think that he was a septuagenarian.

HEROIC treatment saved the Emperor of Brazil from death. Oxygen gas and hypodermic injections of caffeine were used to preserve the patient from syncope. On one occasion he took thirty-one grains of caffeine in twenty-one hours.

THE prima donna announced as "Mme. Rolla, from St. Petersburg," who recently sang the rôle of *Eveira* in "Don Giovanni," and sang it well, at three hours' notice, at Drury Lane, London, is Miss Kate Wheate, of Wheeling, W. Va.

RUSSELL A. ALGER's wife has a prejudice against politics. She is warmly interested in her husband's success in whatever he undertakes, but she cannot look with contentment upon the publicity which a Presidential campaign compels a candidate's home life to undergo.

BLONDIN, the famous rope-walker, who, in 1860, took his memorable walk on a rope stretched across the Niagara River, arrived in New York last week, and will shortly be seen in performances at Staten Island. Although now sixty-four years old and rather stout, he is said to perform feats with the old ease and certainty.

GENERAL LOGAN, who was so active in life, is not to rest long in one spot, now that he is dead. They are to build a granite chapel for his body in Soldiers' Home Cemetery, Washington, D. C., and some time there will be a third removal of his mortal remains for final entombment under a great monument at Chicago.

P. T. BARNUM has given to the Bridgeport Scientific Society and the Fairfield Historical Society a piece of property costing \$250,000, which, when completed, will furnish the societies mentioned ample accommodations for carrying out their educational purposes in the way of libraries, lecture-rooms, museums, etc.

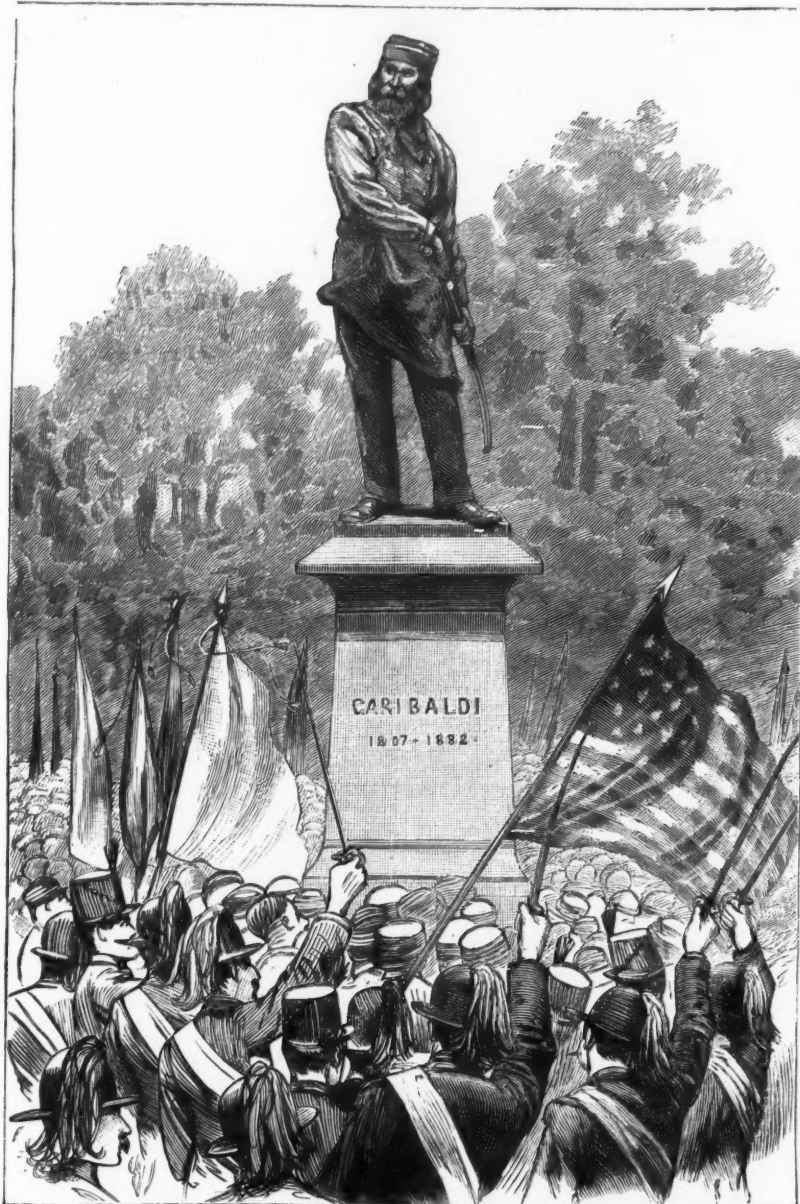
THERE is reason to believe that Emperor Frederick of Germany is really growing temporarily stronger. Herr Angeli, the famous Viennese painter, has been informed that the Emperor will now be able to sit for the picture which Angeli is to make of him in his coronation-robes. Angeli will start for Germany at once.

J. C. FLOON, the San Francisco millionaire, may safely be said to have the most dazzling country place in America. The estate is at Menlo Park, Cal., and covers 1,000 acres; and is under the constant care of a landscape gardener and 120 assistants. The drives, which are several miles in length, are made of white gravel; the house is white, with gold trimmings both inside and out; and gold and white are the decorations of the stables and all the buildings on the place.

LORD WOLSELEY has lost nothing from his censure by the Government on account of his outspoken utterances concerning the condition of the British Army. The public have "caught on," and his Lordship was never more popular, never more in request than he is just now. He is constantly being asked to address this, that or the other meeting, and the utmost is being done to induce him to speak again. He is very anxious, however, not to take advantage of his position, and for the present will content himself by advising only.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the inventor, is now experimenting upon a new electric flying-machine which he has been commissioned by the Spanish Government to make for war purposes. The system will be one of revolving fans, to which power is supplied by means of a wire connecting with an electric dynamo on the earth. The fans are not only to propel but lift the airship. Then, with a properly equipped car, an officer can ascend and take photographs and sketches of the enemy's position, which will give a great strategic advantage to the Spanish commander. Mr. Edison is confident that his experiments will result successfully.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Philadelphia Press* who recently interviewed General Boulanger says: "The general impression one gets from Boulanger is not that he is a man of affairs, or force, or a great soldier, but that he is gifted with great nervous energy and has the capacity for an endless amount of hard work. Every movement is as rapid as a flash, and there is apparently no end of his enthusiasm for the cause which bears his name. I may add that the general impression is, in France, that if the ultimate success of Boulanger himself is doubtful, there is little question of the cause to which he has given his name. Boulanger may fail, but Boulangerism has come to stay."



NEW YORK CITY.—STATUE OF GARIBALDI, IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.
INAUGURATED JUNE 4TH.
SEE PAGE 283.

HON. ELBERT E. KIMBALL,
THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR
GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

THE Missouri Republican State Convention recently held at Sedalia nominated for Governor E. E. Kimball, of Vernon County, and George W. Wallace, of Howard County, for Lieutenant-governor. Mr. Kimball, who is an active and enthusiastic G. A. R. man, was born in Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., Oct. 6th, 1843. He removed with his parents to Missouri when eleven years of age, and was attending school at Springfield, Mo., when the late war broke out. On July 7th, 1861, he enlisted in the three-months' service men, under General Lyon. He participated in the battle of Wilson Creek, and was discharged at Rolla in October. He was then employed in the Quartermaster's Department until the Spring of 1862, when he returned to New York, and later enlisted in Company G, One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, as a private. He marched with his regiment, proceeding at once to Virginia, and was placed in the Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps. At the close of the war he was mustered out as First Sergeant at Elmira, N. Y., June 2d, 1865.

Mr. Kimball entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, in the Fall of 1866, and graduated from that institution two years later. He then settled in Vernon County, Mo., and engaged in the practice of his profession. Mr. Kimball is a member of the Republican State Central Committee for the State at large. He was a Republican candidate for Congress from the Twelfth District against William J. Stone, and made a strong race. He was elected Junior Vice Department Commander of the Department of Missouri, Grand Army of the Republic, in 1885; was elected Senior Vice Department Commander in 1886, and Department Commander in 1887, and is a member of General John Bailey Post No. 26, of Nevada, Mo. Mr. Kimball has a charming family, consisting of a wife, two daughters, aged eighteen and fourteen respectively, and a son, aged ten years. His nomination is received with enthusiasm throughout the State of Missouri.



MISSOURI.—HON. E. E. KIMBALL, REPUBLICAN
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY FOSTER.

early part of last week, he suffered a relapse, and hemorrhages made inroads upon the strength which he had gained since his last attack; but he rallied in a surprising manner on Tuesday, and the improvement continued until his physicians were encouraged even to the extent of discussing the possibility of their patient's recovery. General Sheridan's heart trouble is complicated with liver and kidney disorders. The latter appeared to have yielded to skilled and heroic treatment; and at times last week there seemed a fair chance that he might live to pass the army retiring age, which he would not attain for seven years yet. The attending physicians are Doctors O'Reilly, Matthews, Byrne and Yarrow, under the direction of Dr. Pepper of Philadelphia. Dr. Lincoln, the well-known Washington physician, was also called in, and has attended some of the consultations. General Sheridan's sufferings have been only periodical, and he has not greatly fallen off in flesh or in general appearance. He is usually quite cheerful, and has expressed his intention of getting well. On Thursday night, however, another crisis came on. It was passed in

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ILLNESS.

THE critical illness of the nation's brave and popular soldier, General "Phil" Sheridan, has been full of anxiety and surprises. In the



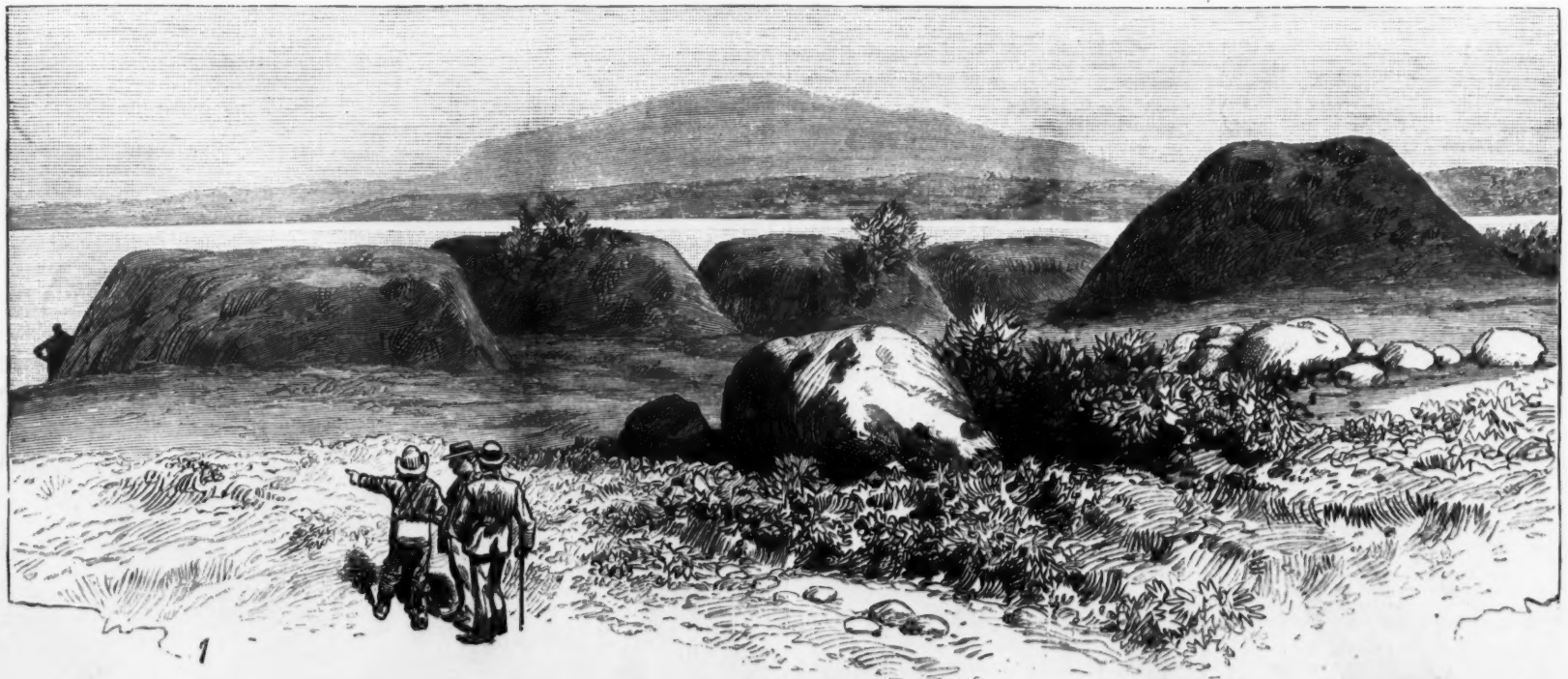
1. Reading the Bulletin to the Reporters. 2. General Sheridan's Residence. 3. Flowers for the Sick.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ILLNESS.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. DUNNELL.



FORT GEORGE, SCENE OF A MEMORABLE CONFLICT IN 1779.



SITE OF OLD FRENCH FORT, CASTINE, 1626.



FORT MADISON, USED IN THE WAR OF 1812.

MAINE.—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CASTINE, ON PENOBSCOT BAY.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 283.

safety, but left the general very weak, and his condition, as this page goes to the press on Saturday, is at best very precarious.

A view of his residence in Washington, and other relative sketches forwarded by a staff artist, appear on page 284. The correspondent of a Boston paper relates that the other day, when the general was propped up to look out of the window, he caught sight of the equestrian statue at Scott Circle, a block away. General Scott is bestriding the most extraordinary old screw in bronze—an equine, it is said, that used to cause General Grant's grim features to expand into a broad smile every time he looked at it. General Sheridan gazed at it steadily, then he said very earnestly to his brother: "Mike, if ever a grateful country should erect an equestrian statue of me, for God's sake see that I have a better mount than Scott."

FUN.

A BACK number—V in a corsage.—*New Haven News.*

Curious, isn't it?—That lunatic asylums are not allowed to take in sane people.

The old pyramid-builders must have been a race of hustlers. Even their mummies were pressed for time.

CLARA (to Ethel, who is describing her hair-breadth escape from the bull)—"But he didn't gore you?" Ethel—"Oh, no, *ma chère*; he cut by us."

An expert has succeeded in photographing the beating of the heart. Neat present for an absent admirer to send his betrothed—a picture of his palpitation on reading her letter.

The Committee of Entertainments appointed for the Democratic Convention at St. Louis are to be congratulated upon having secured the services of JAMES PAIN & SONS, of Cortlandt St., New York, to give the monster firework display which will take place on that occasion. There are few New Yorkers who are not familiar with the magnificent spectacles and marvels of the pyrotechnic art which have now for years delighted many millions of people at Manhattan Beach each Summer, and when anything big is required in the way of fireworks, this firm invariably has to be called in to do it, until their name is associated with every great national celebration that takes place in this country with which pyrotechnics are introduced. It will take years to eradicate from our memories the displays carried out solely by JAMES PAIN & SONS at the unavailing of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty and the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, as nothing like them, by a long way, has ever been seen on this side of the Atlantic.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S FIRST SUMMER TOUR THROUGH THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's personally conducted Southern pleasure tours of last Autumn and Winter were so successful in every respect, that the Company has arranged to repeat them on a similar scale during the summer. To this end such a tour has been fixed for Thursday, June 21st. It will cover a period of ten days, and embrace in its itinerary the battlefield of Gettysburg, the Caverns of Luray, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, the cities of Richmond and Washington. A special train of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Eastlake cars will leave New York at 8 A. M., Philadelphia at 10:30 A. M., on that date, in which the entire tour will be made without change.

Round-trip tickets, including, besides the railway fare and steamboat charges, meals en route, board and lodging at the hotels, carriage hire, transfer charges, and every necessary traveling expense, will be sold from New York at \$30 for adults and \$22 for children, and from Philadelphia at \$28 for adults and \$21 for children. Ample time will be given to see thoroughly and leisurely everything worth seeing at each place, and the party will in every case be entertained at the best hotels. The tour will be conducted by the Company's Tourist Agent, assisted by the Chaperon. The party will reach home on the return trip on June 29th.

For itineraries and full information call at ticket offices, or address S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

A LUCKY DARKY.

THE YOUNG COLORED PORTER WHO WON \$15,000 IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

A REPORTER while in the Mallory Steamship Company's office in this city a few days ago met the young colored porter George Henry Ashe, who, at the last monthly drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, won \$15,000 of the capital prize.

Ashe is a young, copper-colored darky, twenty-eight years of age, polite and obliging, of sober and industrious habits, and has occupied the position of porter in the Mallory office for the past six years.

One would naturally think that the acquiring of such sudden wealth would be calculated to turn the head of one in Ashe's station of life, but such is not the case. He pursues the even tenor of his way, continuing in his position as office porter, and prosecutes his work as faithfully and earnestly as though the position were his only dependence.

When asked as to his plans for the future he replied: "I have put my money out at interest, and intend to continue to work for Captain Sawyer as long as my services give him satisfaction. It was my wife who purchased the ticket \$5,315, which won the \$15,000."

"Yes, I have been buying lottery tickets for about three years. I have always come out even on the investment during this time by winning small approximation prizes, and at the same drawing in which I won the \$15,000 I also won \$250 on

another ticket, but this amount is so insignificant compared with the \$15,000, that I only mention it incidentally.

"Yes, the money was promptly paid, and I have it securely invested for the benefit of my family, consisting of a wife and three children. I expect I will continue to patronize the lottery, and should I be as fortunate in the future as I have been in the past, I don't think I will have any cause to regret it."—*Galveston (Tex.) News*, May 30th.

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using ANGSTURA BITTERS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

\$500 OFFERED
for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's The Original LITTLE PLEASANT PURGATIVE PILLS. Purely Vegetable & Harmless. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

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The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

"The Grave Between Them," By CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Is a striking novel which will begin in the July Number, published June 15th.

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Massapoag Lake House.

Located in the centre of a beautiful grove of one hundred acres, and near the most charming lake in the East. Only 30 minutes' ride from Boston via Boston and Providence R. R. Open June 14th. Send for descriptive circular.

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STOWE, VERMONT, the most charming Resort in the Green Mountains.

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Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

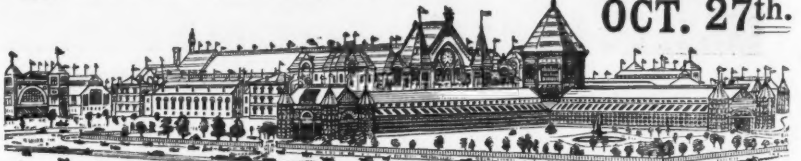
SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

CINCINNATI

JULY 4th to OCT. 27th.



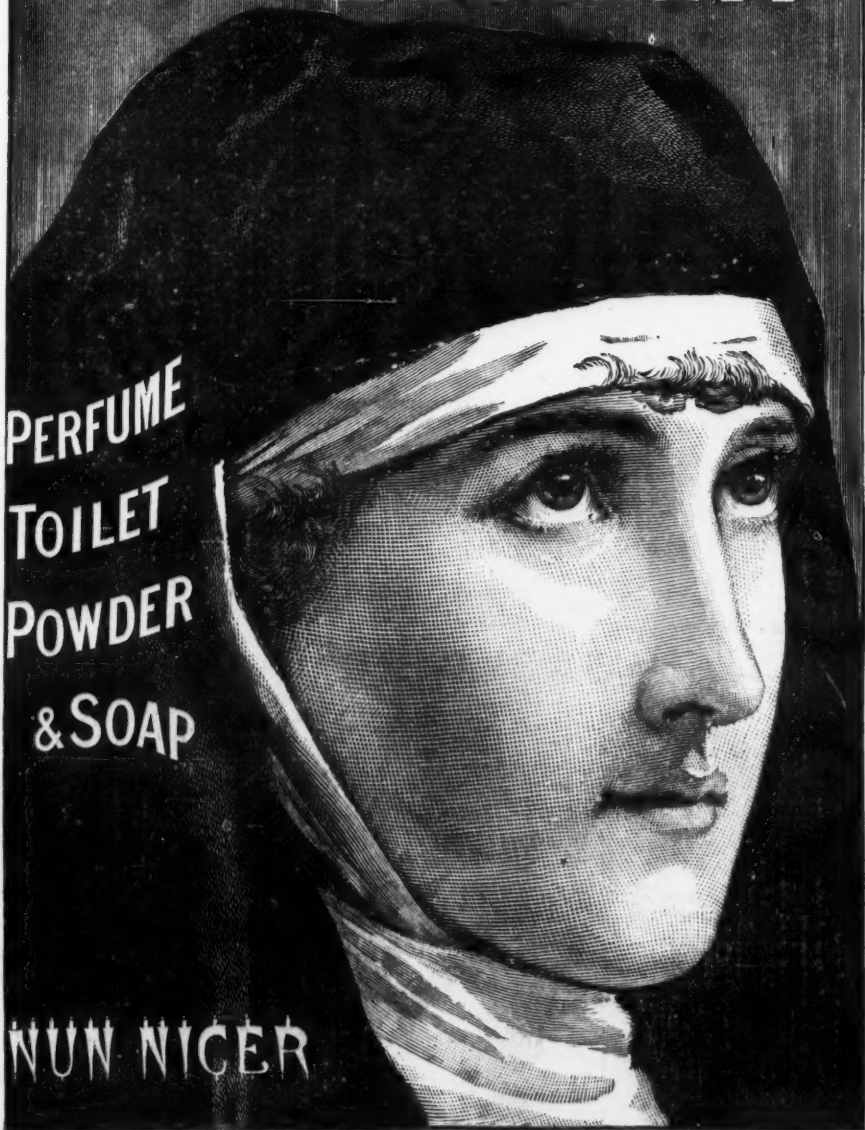
CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS. EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

CHERRY BLOSSOM



PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP

NUN NICER

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gonnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gonnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for a Florida Guide.
E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

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out of doors by using the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. Be careful to get the genuine which has the name stamped on frame. Buy of your dealer, or write to

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Ask about their Patent Steel Picket Fence. It is the best made, and don't cost much.

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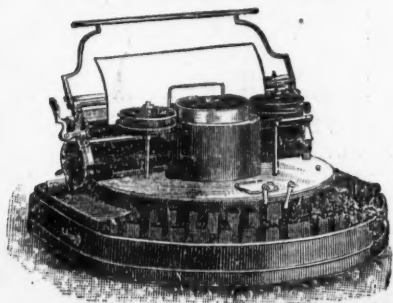
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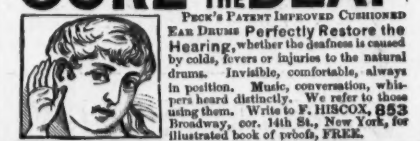
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